THE New Republic

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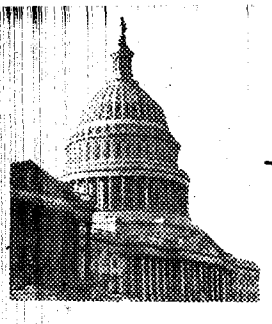

Washington Wire

What a product!

OH, WHAT a rollicking time we had with Ike and the Republicans last week at the kick-off dinner for the 1956 campaign. Silverware and napery were of the finest, tables were heaped with "I Like Ike" flags, and clusters of colored balloons and state standards at the tables, and ennobling speeches everywhere. A Georgia delegate promised that Ike was going to break the vicious one-party system this year in Georgia, and the lady Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont promised that Vermont would keep right on voting Republican this year as it always has. The crowd cheered both statements. The organ played "I-ow-ay," and the state delegation rose and showed what good sports they were by joining in the fun. A Negro member from New Jersey told how much he liked Republicans and Nixon gazed shyly down into his plate and looked modest and noble while the crowd gave him a standing ovation—sparked by an ironic demonstration from the press tables which spread like slow wildfire to the diners.

And then the climax, waiters coming down the darkened aisles with the Fourth of July sparklers scintillating from ice cream trays . . . the release of the colored balloons . . . the organ playing "Hail to the Chief" . . . the arrival of Ike and Mamie. Well, we just can't do it justice.

The Presidential speech that followed was right off the top—standardized Eisenhower Inspirational. Good, sound, old-fashioned morality, nothing highbrow about it but serious, and high-toned, too, with arresting statements like "The individual is of supreme importance"; "The spirit of our people is the strength of our nation"; "America does not prosper unless all Americans prosper." Splendid things like that.

The 800 GOP leaders looked, listened and pinched themselves to believe their own good-fortune. What a product to merchandise! Estimates are that $100 million will go into it. There was Ike, ruddy and jolly, having the time of his life—standing up with his arms way over his head and a big victory grin; then a minute later there was the earnest, serious Leader preaching a sermonette and telling the crowd that "To stay free we must stay strong"; and "The purpose of government is to serve, never to dominate." Warren Harding couldn't have done better.

Reporters looked at each other, miserably it is true, but after a while even their interest grew; after all it is a professional challenge to try to find a news lead in an effusion of that sort. This particular columnist idly began underlining certain high-powered words; in the four-and-a-half page text he found "God" mentioned five times, two "Divines" and two "Crusades"; "Spirit"

"Forward, crusaders."

or "Spiritual," eight times; and "Principle" (either singular or plural), 16 times. It took us back nostalgically to the 1952 campaign—and you know how the American public loved *that.*

Well, we came away realizing that we had heard a little classic. And just to confess the limitations of human nature, do you know that the thing that stuck in our mind was not any of the terse Eisenhower epigrams, like "Government must have a heart as well as a head," but the irrelevant detail of how the hotel gets those colored gas balloons down from the ceiling after they are liberated. There they hung, each trailing a long piece of string. An air rifle, maybe? Curiosity got the better of us, and we called up. Seems the gas comes out of the balloons after a while, when the people have gone and the place grows dark, and they quietly sink down. They can be used again and again. The sparklers are safe, too, we learned, because they are just for show; no heat in them. There was no hint of political irony in our unknown informant's voice.

Russia's economic growth

AMERICANS have been lulled so long by complacent jokes about the low Soviet living standard that it is going to be hard to wake up to reality. Russian living standards are low, of course, but in the last third of a century the USSR has transformed itself into one of the world's biggest industrial nations, and it is now belting along at a pace faster than the United States. The argument that democracy is better than dictatorship because Americans have two changes of underwear and the Russians have not has been one of the worst sophistries of our time because it correlates spiritual things to materialistic things. Now the Soviet is catching up on the materialistic side.

Notes:

A WHOLE lot of disagreeable information on the subject of Red China is about ready to fall on Americans—most of it probably not till after the election. The next President (whoever he is) will have to begin the disagreeable job of educating citizens to the fact that the USA is almost alone now in trying to keep Red China out of the UN and of pretending that it is appropriate that the island of Formosa should be a member of the 11-member UN Council—with its veto-power and all. . . . This is not a happy time for liberals. On the Republican side there is a golfing President and Nixon. On the Democratic side Congress gives us the Gas Grab boys and Senator Eastland. The catch-all farm bill is hardly the issue to inflame Utopian enthusiasm although farmers need help. Again, Stevenson and Kefauver are locked in what may be a fatal embrace. Well, never say die! This column is congenitally cheerful; it is confident that Americans are liberals when repentance comes. In the meantime—Salvationists, please ring the front bell.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic
A JOURNAL OF OPINION

APRIL 30, 1956

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Leadership—Two Views

Three years ago, when I last talked to you, stories from battlefields and fighting fronts crowded the front pages of our press. . . . Today, only three years later, we have reason for cautious hope that a new, fruitful, peaceful era for mankind can emerge from a haunted decade. The world breathes a little more easily today.
—DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

In these last three years the United States has come dangerously close to losing, if indeed it has not lost, its leadership in the world—economically, militarily, and worst of all, morally. On all three of these fronts we have manifestly lost the initiative—and that is the prelude to the loss of leadership.—ADLAI E. STEVENSON

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER and Candidate Stevenson made the above statement to 900 members of the Society of American Newspaper Editors, the men who pore over cables, studying the views of our allies, our ambassadors abroad, our foreign correspondents, our returning businessmen. After hearing the speeches, the editors voted 2-to-1 in a straw poll that the US is losing the Cold War; in effect, agreeing that Mr. Stevenson's appraisal of the state of the world made more sense than President Eisenhower's.

Plans of action proposed by the President and Mr. Stevenson were no less in contrast. Mr. Eisenhower said he felt that "in the less-developed nations the urgent need is for economic and social progress for their people"; and he asked the editors to help win support for his $4.9 billion foreign-aid bill. But nine-tenths of the funds the President seeks would go to pay for military hardware and "defense support." Only one-tenth is earmarked for economic development.

Adlai Stevenson stressed that "our first purpose is human betterment," urged a "basic revision" of our aid policies, greater utilization of the UN in a "worldwide war against want," more imaginative use of our agricultural surpluses as diplomatic capital, and a more aggressive approach for harnessing atomic power in economic development abroad.

The Washington Daily News (Scripps-Howard) offered this conclusion on the Eisenhower-Stevenson appearance:

If American foreign policy is being conducted upon the belief—as the President says—that the recent successful Soviet actions are the result of past Soviet policies failing, a rude awakening is due. The time has come for the Eisenhower Administration to get out of its complacent mood . . . to throw away its rose-tinted glasses . . . to tell the American people the real facts, however unpleasant. . . .

Stop all this nonsense about the Soviets failing. We are failing. Enough of patching up old programs and rejuggling old, obsolete policies.

The United States needs new policies to fit the new facts.

Correspondence

► *The Kidnapping of Galindez*

SIRS:

On his way home after his evening class at Columbia University on March 12, Professor Jesus de Galindez disappeared; I was a student of Jesus de Galindez. He often talked to us very frankly of his experiences.

He was born in Spain 42 years ago, and when the Spanish Civil War broke out, he, a profoundly religious man and a convinced Loyalist, joined the Basque Nationalist Party (Catholic Democrats) and fought for the legitimate Spanish government. With the victory of Franco, he was forced to flee and take refuge in the Dominican Republic. Although the family of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo had in 1930 set up in the Dominican Republic what may be considered one of the bloodiest dictatorships in Latin America, the policy of Trujillo at the time was to accept white

(*Continued on page 31*)

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Facts on Foreign Aid

SECRETARY DULLES acknowledged the need for some new facts at a recent press conference when the following exchange took place:

> Q. Mr. Secretary, I understand that Chairman George proposed some sort of special high-level group to study foreign aid. Do you think this will be a good idea?
>
> A. I think that the time has probably come when it would be useful to have a comprehensive study made of this whole problem, both from the standpoint of our own machinery for conducting the aid, and the Soviet activities; and the extent to which those may be relevant to our program. There is the question, for example, of whether more should be done in terms of loans and less in terms of grants. There is the question of whether or not more should be given through international agencies like the United Nations.
>
> Q. When would it be held, Mr. Secretary?
>
> A. I would think the studies ought to be, as Senator George indicated, between the present . . . and next January when the Congress should reconvene.

Mr. Dulles thus lifted the technique which President Truman employed in 1947 to draft the dimensions of the Marshall Plan and to engineer the consent of the American people and the Congress for that bold undertaking. But Mr. Dulles has grasped only part of the technique. Mr. Truman, it will be recalled, simultaneously brought into being the Herter Committee in Congress, the Krug Committee to assess our national resources and inflation, the Harriman Committee to gather the views of private experts, and he assigned the Brookings Institution to study how such a program could best be administered.

If Mr. Dulles is serious about a full-scale inquiry on foreign aid, leading to action by the next Congress, we suggest the following simultaneous studies also be initiated:

► A joint committee of Congress to travel abroad immediately after the election, and report back by January 15.

► Special economic reports by the Joint Committee on the Economic Report and the President's Council of Economic Advisers, assessing American national interest in a large-scale, 50-year-old aid program.

► A commission of prominent citizens, representing leading national organizations of businessmen, labor, farmers, women, veterans and religious bodies, who would express their views on the public policy of foreign aid. A suitable commission chairman would be Howard C. Peterson of Philadelphia, chairman of the recent one-year foreign-aid study conducted by the Committee for Economic Development. This commission should employ an expert economic staff from outside the government.

► The Brookings Institution to study the desirability of channeling far greater capital aid through the United Nations.

► The Center for International Studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology to report on the extent and meaning of the Soviet economic drive.

► The National Planning Association to bring up to date the Paley Commission report (1952) to determine what industrial raw material shortages will occur in the US during the next 20 years, and what kind of foreign economic policy will be needed to ensure access to these materials abroad.

► The Institute of International Education to report on the best kind of peoples-to-peoples program which should accompany an enlarged economic-aid program.

The new facts which Mr. Dulles seeks are not difficult to assemble, but if they are to be assembled and sold to the public a more energetic and ambitious pursuit of the facts is called for.

Beyond the Cease-Fire

THERE ARE some who believe that the promises of Israel and Egypt that they will abide by the terms of the Armistice mean that the worst is over. They find encouragement, too, in the Soviet Union's call on both sides "to avoid provocation on the demarcation lines" and Russian willingness to support "UN measures directed toward the search for ways and means of strengthening peace in the area of Palestine and the implementation of the corresponding decisions of the Security Council."

But before we turn over and go to sleep again, it would be wise to remember precisely what the Gaza Strip really is. It is a grim and arid no man's land, bristling with guns, a place of murder and sudden death, the hunting ground of silent, trigger-happy commandoes. At night the huge arc lamps mounted on the Israeli settle-

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ments swing and probe; there is a curfew that runs from sunset to sunrise; and on the Egyptian side there are more armed posts than fig trees. "I have never," a recent visitor remarked, "felt so much hatred mixed with so much fear." The young men among the Arab refugees have been recruited by the Egyptians for a picked force that goes out, in twos and threes, and steals across the Israeli frontier to shoot and drive off the cattle.

This is the reality that faces the Great Powers, and while they talk and differ there may yet be another outrage, a provocation that may be the signal for war.

In this bitter situation, the basic approach of our government seems to us both clearer and more right than its critics, here and abroad, will allow. For the US is saying, as we might have said more forcefully prior to the Korean War, that the most reliable deterrent to war and the surest way of binding the Soviet Union to any settlement is consultation and collective action through the United Nations.

The immediate question, of course, which divides American opinion, as well as the US from its allies, is whether we should unilaterally and immediately offer Israel military assistance sufficient to redress the military unbalance created by the sale of Communist arms to Egypt. The opinion of thoughtful men like Adlai Stevenson not withstanding, we do not believe that at this juncture American arms to Israel would best serve Israel or peace. It is true that the Russians, relishing no doubt the discomfort and diminishing influence of the West in the Middle East, have thus far refused to halt arms shipments to the Arabs. But would the Soviet Union also refuse a UN request for an arms embargo? For an embargo is essential if we are to prevent a suicidal arms race. Would the present Russian leadership choose to block, or even abstain from, forceful effort by the United Nations to prevent aggression? For the responsibility *is* the UN's, and not only because Israel is the child of the UN. What Israel most needs is concrete assurances that in the event of attack it can depend upon prompt, all-out aid, that in the event of aggression it will not stand alone. And the Arabs, too, must be convinced that members of the United Nations, including the US, will not tolerate aggression but will fight.

OUR GOVERNMENT was lamentably slow in appreciating the seriousness of the Arab-Israeli conflict. It can also be justly criticized if it does not urge the UN to assume the larger responsibilities which lie beyond a temporary truce. For a cease-fire is not a settlement. A general Middle East peace conference is long over-due. And such a conference should consider not only boundary disputes and the immediate plight of the Palestinian refugees, but also the need for long-range, UN-administered economic development designed to bring about a wider and more widely shared prosperity in the whole of the Middle East.

Don't Say I Told You

THOSE DISCREET and highly confidential briefings of Washington newsmen by Administration officials aren't really meant to be confidential. They are occasions for pumping out facts and opinions which it wouldn't be wise for "responsible" persons to mention publicly. Thus, through the process of premeditated leaks, the press may tell all, so long as it does not tell who told it.

Journalists had their ears bent in at least two high-level briefings during the recent visit home of our Ambassador to Russia. No one may say with certainty, of course, what Charles Bohlen reported about Life Without Father in the USSR. Yet, by a happy coincidence, the Ambassador's presence precipitated many stories.

From these press comments we learn, for example, that the properly descriptive phrase is "collective dictatorship," not "collective leadership." Let no one think the USSR is run by the people; nor that it has lost interest in nudging or shoving history toward the day when capitalism will collapse.

Stalin was, to be sure, a stone around the neck of Russia's new rulers (not to speak of the people); he had to be buried ideologically as well as literally. Now the 11 men who rule the Soviet Union do speak their minds, and on the great decisions the Presidium votes and the views of the minority are recorded. Where Stalin had depended largely on military force and subversion, the "collective dictatorship" appreciates the value of diplomacy. But where Stalin gave priority to investment in heavy industry, his heirs do too; the only disagreement within the leadership has been one of degree. Russian military power remains formidable; but there is less dependency on the police than there was. The economy is running better (see *Washington Wire*, p. 2), though agriculture is still the most painful domestic headache.

There are hints, but little more than that, of a new class in Soviet society, called variously the "technical intelligentsia" or the "assured class"—the trained experts and managers upon whose performance and loyalty the system depends so considerably. It is even said (by the *London Sunday Times*) that Moscow now has a "jet-set" whose leaders are the children of top Party leaders. "These gay people," reports a columnist in the *Times*,

> speak perfect English and French, dress in the latest Western styles and avidly follow the latest fashion magazines. They are highly cultured and well up in the *avant garde* artistic and literary fashions of the West, and when a friend of mine made fleeting contact with them last year, their favorite reading was George Orwell's *1984*.

If such reports are correct (and who, that is who in authority, can say), where are the landmarks of yesteryear? Orwell being read in Moscow, and Alger Hiss addressing the undergraduates of Princeton.

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Helping the Farmer

WHILE BOTH parties continue to maneuver for a favored position as the farmers' best friend, cynics in Washington maintain that no sensible farm program can be enacted in an election year.

We are less cynical. Though the time is past for perfect programs, it is still possible for Congress to pass legislation which would satisfy three basic requirements. For the farmer, such legislation must raise income this year, and for a period of years ahead. For the government, it must halt the pile-up of government-owned surpluses and reduce surpluses already in storage. For the consumer and taxpayer, it must hold down the cost of living to the level necessary to give the farmer a fair price for food which is actually consumed.

The Democrats in Congress, now on the spot by the President's request for a pay-in-advance soil bank plan which would tuck government checks into farmers' pockets approximately 60 days before the fall election, have come up only with piecemeal proposals. They are pushing through the two Appropriations Committees a $1.2 billion fund for the soil bank, minus Eisenhower's request for advance payments. Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.) is starting hearings on a substantial agricultural-credit plan which would increase loan funds and lower interest rates. Sen. Robert S. Kerr (D, Okla.) has tied to the social security bill an amendment authorizing a food stamp plan, under which social security recipients would receive $10 worth of food stamps a month, redeemable in foods at the grocery store. These steps, it seems to us, are desirable but marginal.

If Congress is to help the farmer, the government and the consumer in a constructive way, it is probably essential politically to first enact the original Eisenhower soil bank plan with the added protection for the family-sized farm proposed by the Democrats. As presented by the President, this plan would pay the 2,000-acre farmer the same amount as the 200-acre farmer, if they both put the same acreage—say, 40 acres—into the soil bank. But the hardship on the 200-acre farmer is much greater, because he has no agricultural outlet for his labor which the soil bank makes idle. The plan should therefore be amended to provide payment not only for retired acres, but for the idled labor those acres take out of employment. The family-sized farm would be the greater benefactor.

Second, a system for farm price supports must be offered which stops further accumulation of government-held surpluses, and meets most of the President's objections to rigid 90-percent supports. Such a plan is available. Congress has taken extensive testimony on it. It is called the two-price system, because it offers the farmer a high price for foods consumed by people in the United States, and a lower price for "surpluses" which must move into export or be fed to animals in the US. The system can be so set up that it involves no government controls, no government purchase of surpluses, no government subsidies, no new bureaucracy. Yet it can make full use of our abundant food production and can raise farm income substantially.

Suppose, for example, the wheat farmer were guaranteed 100 percent of parity on wheat for domestic consumption, and the world price for the balance. That means half a farmer's present wheat crop would bring him $2.50 a bushel, the balance $1.60. American millers who converted wheat into bread and other human food products would, in effect, be taxed $1 a bushel on the wheat they used, and this $1 would go to the farmer. The miller, in turn, would pass on the extra cost to the consumer. Since a one pound loaf of bread now contains only three cents worth of raw wheat, the two-price system would increase the price of a loaf of bread less than one cent.

In detailed testimony before the House Committee on Agriculture in April, 1954, the economist for the National Grange, Dr. J. T. Sanders, offered figures to show that the American farmer would derive a larger cash income from this two-price system than from either the rigid 90-percent supports, or from the flexible supports advocated by President Eisenhower.

Third, in order to reduce the $9 billion of farm surpluses already on hand, we need a plan which would use foodstuffs as capital in financing economic development abroad. Mr. Benson has done a good job, much better than his critics give him credit for, in trying to sell surpluses abroad. We have approached the limit. We have tried giving away stocks and that disrupted trade except in actual famine areas. But we have failed to use food as a capital asset in world development.

THE President of Bolivia, for example, wishes to settle Inca Indians on the eastern slope of the Andes. Such a project requires the clearing of virgin timber lands for food production, a 3-year task. If the US would put up a three-year food supply for the workers from surplus stocks, the Bolivian Government would supply local currency for tools, and the Bolivian Development Corporation would finance the saw mills. No friendly trading nation could contend that this use of American surpluses had displaced any normal sales of food. And the plan has obvious application in such critical areas as India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and the Arabic speaking world where new irrigation projects have been started or are planned.

If Congressional farm leaders can come up with a constructive plan of this magnitude, the President's pay-in-advance soil bank will be identified for what it is: an inadequate, campaign-year response to a problem which cannot be solved by "politics as usual."

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I Like (Selling) Ike

IN THE DIM light of hotel lobbies, it is not always easy to distinguish Republicans from less extraordinary citizens. Therefore when I was approached by a well-dressed young lady in the lobby of Washington, D. C.'s, Sheraton Park Hotel, where the GOP was holding its campaign school for state party leaders on April 16 and 17, I was not quite prepared for what took place. After giving me a long, searching look, she pressed a small object into my hand and vanished. The small object turned out to be a matchfolder inscribed, "For Peace and Prosperity, Stick With Ike." Pressing the specially treated side of the folder against my cigarette pack as instructed, I was gratified to see them clinging precariously together.

Classes in this busy GOP campaign school were not open to outsiders, of course, but there were enough delegates from everywhere drifting around the lobby to give the place a definite grass-roots tang. Whether the volunteer workers who had come to be trained in the techniques of the Second Eisenhower Crusade were greater in number than the salesmen who had come to peddle their gadgets was not statistically ascertainable. One could only say that the salesmen were not few. A young man in a brown suit, wearing what appeared to be an enormous pair of snow goggles loped across the floor and vanished behind a sign reading "GOP Election Gadget Shop." Without difficulty I traced him to a table heaped high with more red, white and blue snow goggles. "Sun shades," the young man corrected me. "Greatest things for ball games. Says 'I Like Ike' right across your nose." He deftly made appropriate folds in the cardboard and slipped a newly-created sun shade over my eyes, whereupon a great darkness descended on the world.

Upon removing this tri-color blindfold, I got my first real look at the GOP Election Gadget Shop—a dazzling and apparently endless succession of banners and display racks. And there I saw:

Buttons made of metal, medallions made of plastic,
Eisenhower stretch socks in elegant elastic,
Plaster busts of Eisenhower, made to look like gold,
And Eisenhower handkerchiefs (TV fold);
Tee shirts, tie clasps, party favors,
Eisenhower candies in assorted flavors,
Ties, vests and earrings, item after item,
Lapel pins and paperweights, and so *ad infinitum.*

As I threaded my way among the exhibits, concessionaires at the various tables greeted me with cries of welcome. One gentleman, whose card identified him as a sales representative of the Comfort Specialty Co., drew my attention to a disembodied automobile bumper, covered with Comfort stickers. On the left side there was a happy elephant and the words "Safe Side." On the right was a weeping donkey and the word "Suicide." Between chuckles, the representative pointed out how neatly this connected Ike's Safe Driving campaign to the election—"Safe Driving—Safe Voting." Another card acclaimed the merits of the Ike Statuette Paperweight, with rather more enthusiasm than orthography. "Excellent for FUND RAISING," it asserted, "Gift Item for DONARS."

At the end of an aisle, I fell into conversation with Owen J. Ooms, president of the Measure-All Corporation of Chicago. Actually the Measure-All, a sort of adjustable spoon, is only a sideline with Mr. Ooms, whose real interest in life is his practice as a patent attorney. Nevertheless, the Ooms spoon figured quite prominently, he told me, in the successful campaign of a Republican whose name I didn't catch. The idea, he said, was to print some punchy slogan on the handle (Mr. Ooms thought "Ike Measures Up" would be nice) and then hand them out to housewives.

(At this point in the conversation, I reached for a cigarette and discovered that my "Stick With Ike" matchfolder was no longer attached to the pack. It was, however, adhering with great persistence to the inside of my shirt pocket.)

"I never sell the Measure-All to Democrats," Mr. Ooms confided. "I turned down an order from Morris B. Sachs when he was running for Governor in Illinois. And you know what happened to *him.*"

A blinding glare dazzled my eyes; and I thought, for one giddy instant, that Mr. Ooms had been struck by lightning for his blasphemy. As it turned out, however, the flashes were coming from a group of photographers surrounding a pretty brunette who was bearing up bravely under a heavy burden of campaign buttons.

As I made my way back toward the entrance, I came upon a group of delegates, all of whom seemed to have broken necks. With their faces held flat upon their shoulders, they were peering sideways at a beaming salesman who was standing with his suit coat thrown open to expose a necktie decorated with a sort of Baroque filigree. By inclining my own head to a similar angle, I was able to resolve this ornamental fretwork into script letters which ran sideways up the length of the tie and spelled out—what else?—"I Like Ike." It occurred to me, as I edged past the group, that this cravat, with its cleverly concealed expression of sentiment would be ideal campaign neckwear for timid Republicans who live in heavily Democratic districts.

They seem to have thought of everything.

DONALD MALCOLM

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Stevedores, Truckers and Dressmakers

Muscling in on Labor

by WALTER GOODMAN

The near-blinding of a labor columnist and the near-assassination of an insurance agent in recent weeks have shocked New Yorkers into an awareness that racketeers have re-entered their city's labor movement. This article surveys the techniques employed by the racketeers on the waterfront and in the garment, food and trucking industries, all of which are now being investigated by special grand juries. More comment by Mr. Goodman will be given next week.

ONCE UPON a simple time, organized crime meant small gangs of safecrackers, stick-up men, counterfeiters and the like. The gang members were out-and-out hoodlums, identifiable though unpretentious men who lived by their trigger fingers and good right arms. Organized crime today operates far less candidly. The 1956 racketeer prefers to pursue his livelihood from behind the desk of a union local or a trucking concern; and when triggers have to be squeezed, he hires someone else to do the squeezing.

Prohibition is generally credited with bringing the underworld above ground. In the twenties, bootleg liquor manufacturers, most of them formerly legitimate distillers, got the idea of employing hoodlums to high-jack one another's truckloads of illegal merchandise. The sharper-witted hoodlums quickly figured out that they could do the high-jacking in their own interests and made the classic American transition from hired hand to boss.

The thugs eventually took over the bootleg industry, forming large "syndicates," which apportioned the world among them. They corrupted police and public officials, killed off one another and innocent bystanders from time to time, shattered a great quantity of glass, quenched America's thirst and made many millions of dollars. Furthermore, they learned the values of organization and co-operation, and they learned that being crooked businessmen was more profitable than being plain crooks.

The Right To Work on the Docks

Marlon Brando notwithstanding, the International Longshoreman's Union has yet to receive an award from anybody for character-building. The waterfront has always had a chronic over-supply of workers. In 1953-54, some 33,500 longshoremen were employed in New York; on the busiest days, there was need for perhaps 15,000. This 100-percent overmanning assured the Shipping Association of a plentiful and vigorously competitive supply of labor; it assured the International Longshoremen's Association of lots of dues and certain other special benefits.

The two key jobs on the docks—the hiring boss, who selected the day's workers at the notorious "shape-up," and the boss loader, who was in a position to put the squeeze on stevedoring firms—were both controlled by the union. What with initiation fees, dues, bribes from the stevedores, gambling cuts, extortion, payroll padding, outright stealing, loansharking, kickbacks and variations on all of these, the union and shipping company representatives could make a nice living.

The shippers themselves preferred not to see the mess; the stevedoring firms gave regular gifts, out of friendship, to the strong-arm elements; the police, unable to establish proof of extortion, looked on. Just the other day, two officers of a stevedoring concern told the N.Y.-N.J. Waterfront Commission that they had given about $38,000 to a shipping agency representative between 1947 and 1952 and $11,000 to a union official and convicted perjurer named Michael Clemente. The stevedores assured the commission that the money was a token of sheer good will and friendship, in no way designed to get contracts or as a fee for permission to carry on business as usual on the docks.

Many of the sources of an enterprising union leader's income have now been plugged up by the Waterfront Commission. The loading boss and the shape-up have been outlawed. Stevedoring concerns are strictly licensed. Hiring bosses may no longer be members of the Longshoremen's Union, and they must be selected by the companies. Most important, perhaps, only registered longshoremen, checkers and clerks can be hired; a man must work or apply for work at least eight days a month or

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risk being dropped from the register. In this way, it is hoped, the lever of oversupply will be taken away from its manipulators, and the waterfront will become a less enticing refuge for crooks. As of now, however, the Longshoremen's Union is still run by a figurehead, and the Anastasia gang is still operating on the docks.

Who Delivers the Groceries?

The running fight between Martin T. Lacey and John J. O'Rourke for control of Joint Council 16 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters is more than just another internecine labor dispute—albeit one with national implications for the biggest union in the country —to New York's eight million residents. Trucking is the city's artery. Dependence for delivery of his food, fuel and medical supplies on ex-convicts can produce a most uneasy feeling in even the least imaginative citizen.

Yet that is precisely what threatens the city if the O'Rourke faction—backed by Teamster Vice Pres. James R. Hoffa—takes over the teamsters. For reasons which can only be surmised, a pair of well-known ex-convicts have pitched their tents in the O'Rourke-Hoffa camp, leading New York City District Attorney Frank S. Hogan to warn publicly "that underworld forces are making a determined effort to capture control of Joint Council 16."

John DioGuardi, better known as Johnny Dio, is a special friend of O'Rourke and Hoffa—reportedly one of their very closest friends. Johnny's recent activities in the labor field will be detailed in a subsequent report on counterfeit unionism. Briefly, he was sentenced to three to five years in state prison in 1937 for extortion in the garment industry. In 1950, he reappeared as an important figure in the United Auto Workers Union (AFL). In March, 1953, two officers of Dio-controlled locals were imprisoned for systematic shakedowns, as was an ambitious former henchman who had gone out extorting on his own. All that could be pinned on Johnny was a tax-evasion charge. His old United Auto Workers locals have now managed to obtain charters from the Teamsters Union, but International President Dave Beck has impounded their 49 votes in the disputed New York election.

The other half of this teamsters' team is Anthony (Tony Ducks) Corallo, who has been arrested 12 times since 1929, including five arrests for robbery and three on narcotics charges. He was convicted in 1941 for unlawful possession of narcotics and served six months in the penitentiary. His name appears on the National List of the US Treasury Bureau of Narcotics.

Corallo presently is vice president of one of Dio's vagrant Auto Workers locals and also calls the tune for Teamsters Local 275, the vice president of which has recently been indicted for extortion. Nor is his interest in the workingman limited to truck drivers. The District Attorney credits him with overseeing the operations of five other locals—including two in the Toy and Novelty Workers of America, and one apiece in the Painters and Decorators Union, the Food Packers, Condiment and Pickle Workers Union and the United Textile Workers of America. In addition, he is reported to have a voice in the national council of this last group.

These men, and their colleagues, now have one foot well in the door of New York City's Teamsters Unions. If Teamster Hoffa's "mutual assistance pact" with the thoroughly discredited International Longshoremen's Association takes effect, New Yorkers' daily bread, whether it comes by land or sea, will pass through the same soiled hands as those which have long corrupted the waterfront.

On April 11, E. L. Slaughter, secretary-treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Longshoremen, AFL-CIO, wrote a strong letter to AFL-CIO President George Meany, protesting against the teamsters' assistance to the expelled ILA and their raids on IBL locals in several cities:

> We feel the time has come when the AFL-CIO should give an ultimatum to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters to clean up their organization of the racketeering element and to stop doing business through "mutual aid pacts" with the ILA, or else expel them from membership.

ABOUT two years ago, an interesting relationship around the big Washington Market came to the notice of the District Attorney's office. It worked this way: A fruit or vegetable wholesaler arrived in his truck to buy some oranges or peas at auction. He made his purchase and had his helper load the produce onto his truck. When he was billed for the oranges, an invoice was included for the loading of the fruit—perhaps two cents a box. This money went to one of the loading firms which controlled operations at the market.

District Attorney Hogan called in some 40 of New York's produce merchants and informed them that their payments for services not rendered smacked of the waterfront situation where stevedoring firms had to pay tribute to phantom public loaders for the privilege of getting goods on and off ships. After some discussion, the merchants agreed to stop payments and see what happened.

But the men who had been suddenly cut off from their unearned income, aware that the police were alerted, refused to be trapped. Instead, it was called to the attention of Local 202, the Teamsters Union which deals in perishable foods, that the food merchants' helpers had no business loading their trucks since they were not members of Local 202. After 30 years of accepting this state of things with apparent contentment, the Teamsters were now indignant at the affront to organized labor. Hereafter, it announced, its members would take over all loading. The merchants soon discovered (1) that the union

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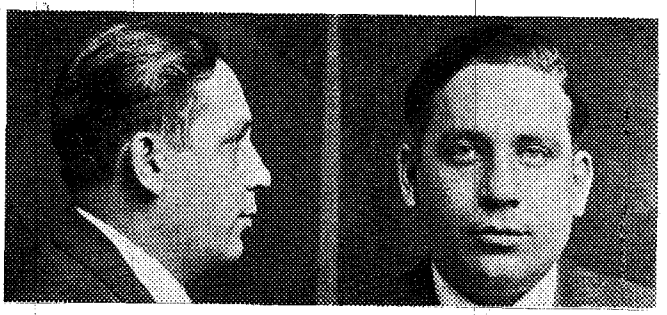
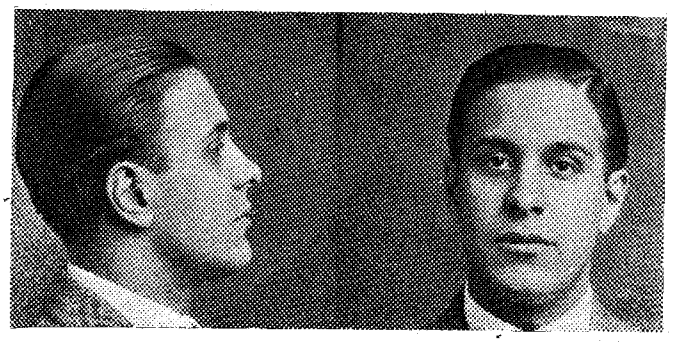
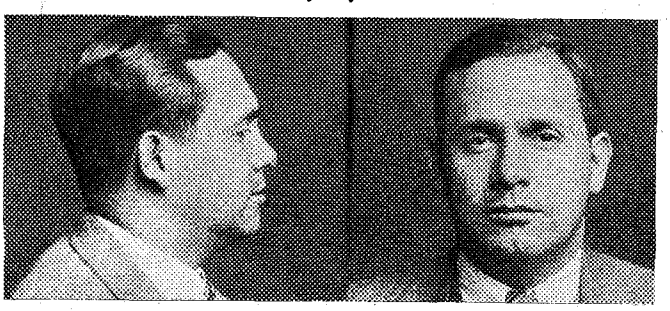
THREE WHO TOOK UP UNIONISM



ANTHONY (TONY DUCKS) CORALLO: Eleven arrests since 1929, including arrests for robbery. Convicted in 1941 of unlawful possession of narcotics. Sentenced to six months.



JOHN (JOHNNY DIO) DIOGUARDI: Seven arrests since 1932, including felonious assault and extortion. Convicted in 1937 of extortion, sentenced to three to five years in State Prison. Convicted in 1953 of State income tax law violation. Sentenced to sixty days.



THOMAS (THREE FINGER BROWN) LUCHESE: Five arrests since 1921, including two arrests on homicide charges. Convicted in 1921 for grand larceny. Sentenced to three years and eight months to ten years in State prison.

scale they would now have to pay was very much higher than the two cents a box they had been donating to the loading firms; (2) that the union could not supply enough loaders anyway, which could have meant drastic delays in the shipment of goods.

So they quietly went back to paying for the privilege of putting their own goods on their own trucks by themselves, and Local 202 quietly subsided; its organizing drive stopped as miraculously as it had started.

Wolves in Ladies Clothing

The bitter fight to unionize New York's garment industry before World War I found both employers and labor organizations hiring mercenaries. Small armies of sluggers and acid-tossers were recruited to serve the cause of collective bargaining. Free enterprise responded by calling together its own armed and muscled men. Both the unions and the bosses were to live (most of them, anyway) to regret their hasty invitations to professional thugs. Some of the middlemen who came to dinner so many years ago have never gone home.

The most important gangster ever to appear in ladies' dresses was Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, who, up to the time he was electrocuted for the murder of a clothing trucker in the mid-thirties, was extorting an estimated $1 million a year from manufacturers by virtue of his control over truck fleets and union locals.

Lepke and his friends operated with all the paraphernalia of the mobster—stench bombs, fists and firearms. But when the chief was sent to a world free of industrial strife, his heirs paid respect to his memory (or, at any rate, to the memory of his electrocution) by laying aside the noisier instruments of persuasion (within reaching distance, but aside). Instead of straightforward extortionists, they became full-fledged union officers, manufacturers, contractors.

You could fill a police blotter with the new entrepreneurs' names. Albert Anastasia turned out to be an owner of factories and trucks; Harry Stasser, who had served two terms for dope peddling, became the mover of 55 vans; James Plumeri, who had served a jail term for services rendered to Lepke, took his place as a manufacturer. Two particular notables in the industry are the ubiquitous Johnny Dio and Thomas Luchese, alias "Three Fingers Brown," whom the government is now trying to deport.

World War II brought prosperity to the clothing industry, and racketeers were able to make their way in quiet comfort. Their technique worked and, from all one can gather, continues to work, this way: A manufacturer of dresses makes an arrangement with a non-union sewing contractor who can do a job for perhaps 15 cents less per dress than his organized competitor. A trucker brings these two together, transports the goods between their factories and protects the non-union shop from being disturbed by organizers for the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union—all for three to 10 cents a dress.

Sometimes he may be compelled to use violence. In 1949, a number of union officials were sent to the hospital by hoodlums, and ILGWU pickets were beaten up. Sometimes the truckers use more subtle techniques. Thus, they permit shops to be organized but somehow assure that they will not be inconvenienced by having to meet the obligations of their unionized brothers.

The truckers' trade associations reputedly serve as enforcers of their members' deals. In 1944, the Justice Department brought anti-trust proceedings against the truck companies, alleging that they used "violence and threats of violence" to get everybody into their associations, which then "fixed and maintained trucking rates

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at high and uneconomic levels." The truckers pleaded *nolo contendere,* paid $58,000 in fines and returned to business as usual.

The truck drivers themselves are gathered into ILGWU Local 102, headed by Sam Berger, a close chum of various persons familiar in the underworld. ILGWU President David Dubinsky has been quoted as saying there's little point in kicking Berger out, since his successor would probably be carried out feet first shortly after assuming office.

Although it was generally recognized around Seventh Avenue and 34th Street after the war that a few hundred shops were somehow getting along without fear of molestation by union organizers, the demand for new dresses was heavy enough to keep all shops operating at capacity. But in 1948, business began to slow down, and union employers began to feel the pinch of competition from factories which were able to pay below union wages. They complained to the unions, which apparently complained to the police. And in September, 1948, the District Attorney subpoenaed the books of almost 100 non-union shops in an effort to determine whether they were making regular pay-offs to somebody.

Now, none of the jobbers who were (it was rumored) being victimized ever appealed to the police to save them. The weapon of fear was at work . . . and, anyway, it was cheaper for Sunbeam Frocks, Inc. to pay $100 a month to Scarface Louis Lieberman, an old Lepke follower with a convincing record of felonious assault, than to have its shop organized by the ILGWU. In two cases—over the protestations of the victims—the DA's office was able to prove that protection money had been paid for several years.

IN ONE of these, the head of Wally Antin Frocks, Inc., —faced with a perjury indictment—told how a union representative had approached him with the news that his shop was on the verge of being organized. A day later Scarface Louis showed up with the hotter news that for $50 a week Wally Antin could rest easy about strikes, unions and related nuisances. They settled for $20, and the ILGWU man never came back.

The Wally Antin company, it should be noted, had hurriedly rewritten all its books to keep police from spotting the deal. In fact, the Assistant District Attorney in charge of rackets, Alfred J. Scotti, cannot recall a single garment industry businessman ever dropping by to complain that he was being shaken down. Mr. Scotti has been in the DA's office for 19 years.

The fear of retaliation from "the boys" that keeps businessmen quiet keeps everybody else in the garment industry quiet too—a fact which was made shamelessly clear to all of New York City in 1949. On May 9 of that year, an ILGWU organizer named William Lurye stepped into a telephone booth in a West 35th Street building. He was attacked by two men, staggered to the street with stab wounds in throat and chest and died a day later.

The killing took place in full daylight in a crowded section of midtown Manhattan. A group of Lurye's associates were standing at the entrance to the building. There were a number of people in the lobby. But nobody came forward with any information.

Repeated grillings by the police of the building's cigar stand concessionaire and of a pair of bookmakers who had been plying their trade on the premises, at length drew the identification of Benedict Macri and John Giusto as Lurye's assailants. The picture began to come into focus. On the day before the fatal assault, ILGWU's Lurye had been one of a raiding party which invaded a loft, owned by an Edward Cohen, and slashed a quantity of dresses belonging to a non-union outfit called Rose-Belle Frocks, Inc.

Cohen, it was revealed, owned a trucking company that served several non-union houses. Benedict Macri was an associate of his, and had, furthermore, just been cut in for a quarter-interest of Rose-Belle, which was planning to re-incorporate under the name Macree-Lee, as a way of advertising Macri's association in circles where he was thought to wield influence. John Giusto worked occasionally as a helper for Cohen and Macri.

After a year's search, Macri surrendered to Walter Winchell in June, 1950; Giusto, perhaps a Drew Pearson devotee, has yet to reappear. At Macri's trial, some peculiar things happened. The cigar store concessionaire, asked to point out the defendant, laid his hand on an associate defense counsel. One of the bookmakers, contradicting his testimony before a grand jury, testified that he couldn't swear that Macri was one of the men he had seen striking Lurye. Macri was acquitted.

The changeable bookmaker subsequently admitted to the District Attorney that he had been approached by George (Muscles) Futterman, an ex-convict and business

Pickets walk in front of non-union shops in NY's garment district

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representative of Local 22 of the International Jewelry Workers before the trial. Futterman mentioned in passing that such dignitaries as Albert Anastasia were friends of Macri and were publicly expressing their disappointment over the bookie's loose tongue. The latter asked what he could do to redeem himself in the eyes of his betters. A meeting with Macri's defense attorneys and the transfer of $100 from Futterman to the bookie followed. Futterman was convicted in December, 1952, of subornation of perjury—the first such conviction in New York County in 42 years—as well as bribery of a witness; the bookie was sentenced one to five years for perjury.

And so things go in a desperately competitive industry of 9,000 apparel manufacturers who handle 80 percent of all the women's dresses, coats and suits made in this country—an industry where an "edge" of a nickel on a garment may mean the difference between a one-percent profit and closing up shop; an industry which must rely on trucks owned outright by racketeers or their close relatives and on drivers who belong to a union which smiles on ex-convicts; an industry of small, hard-working, nonviolent men who don't want any trouble.

Lenin's Shoes and Stalin's Boots

"WE HAVE a proverb in Russia, 'Lenin wore shoes but Stalin wears high boots'. Lenin understood the people but Stalin rides roughshod over us all."

It was a Russian engineer who was talking and the year was 1945. A portrait of Stalin had been put up in the Russian camp by a member of our UNRRA team with the idea of pleasing them, of making them feel at home. They were loyal Soviet citizens, burning to go back to their country, but the pinning up of the grim face which they hadn't seen for three or four long years was received in ashen silence.

They were in a no man's land, herded into vast camps by the liberating American Army. Their Nazi masters were overthrown; the Americans gave them food and shelter but did not understand their language. They had nothing to do except distil spirits in secret and drink themselves numb, or steal calves and chickens from the disarmed Germans' farms and cook them on fires made by breaking up the camp furniture. It was strange talking to these lost lambs of the Soviet flock; like the ancient Romans they had all of them sworn not to be prisoners: never to be taken alive. And yet, as Ivan Ilitch said to me, "What good would I be dead? I am 35, a doctor; there's a lot of work in me still. What good would I be dead?"

"Why haven't I seen you lately, Ivan Ilitch?" I asked him. "They tell me that you are sad, that you weep, have nightmares. What is it? Are you afraid that when you get home again you won't find your wife and little son?" There was something indescribably touching about Ivan Ilitch—a small round man, tubby and cosy, with whimsical Tarter eyes. I was told that he had been born in direst poverty and run barefoot all his childhood. "But shall I get home again?" he whispered. "Or shall I be sent to some camp for rehabilitation and will they say," 'Ivan must have been a traitor'?"

I learned most of all from Alexander. He used to mend our cars when they got broken and often drove me about the district. A diplomaed engineer from Stalingrad, he had belonged to the Komsomol and then to the party. He was respected for his practical knowledge, his fervor and power of work, but nothing had killed his natural humanity, his sensitiveness to people, the warmth of his heart.

When he saw the weeping kulaks driven off like the cattle that had been their ruin he protested in the inner councils of the party. "This is all being done too hastily, too cruelly—we are bringing ruin on our country. Lenin said that we must be properly prepared before we started on collectivization." These words implied a criticism of Stalin. Four years later, at the time of the great purge, they were remembered: Alexander was exiled to the Arctic regions. For two and a half years he was digging the Northern Canal in the winter, in the bitter darkness, his teeth falling out with scurvy. Then the clouds lifted —the purge was over. The party recalled him, shook hands with him, said it had all been a mistake.

WE were standing under an apple tree in the garden of the villa by Lake Starnberg where our UNRRA team lived when Alexander told me this. It was autumn. Alexander kicked one of the fallen apples.

> *Has a human being no value?* [he said with sudden passion]. Is he only fit to be kicked away like rotten fruit? Can Stalin claim all? I gave my life to the cause. Nights and nights I have sat up so that the Five-Year Plans could be fulfilled, so that tractors could pour out from the factories of Stalingrad. When the war came and I was a captain in the artillery I trained my guns on that part of Stalingrad where my own family lived and my wife and child perished.I love my country. When I was taken prisoner I organized the escape of my comrades—40 of them got off, but I was betrayed to the commander and sent to Dachau as a punishment. What will happen to me when I return home?

Alexander did not return. He was killed in an accident in Germany. But the millions who got back—what do they think since the nightmare of the Stalin cult is over?

Manchester Guardian FRANCESCA M. WILSON

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SPRING LITERARY REVIEW

Edmund Wilson, a Protestant Abroad

by Robert Graves

THE four colors in the title refer to the skins of, respectively, New Mexico Indian Zuñis, Haitians, Russians, and Israelis; and this is a study of their four contrastive civilizations written by a blond East Coast critic-in-chief with a cantankerous, well-stocked mind, a keen eye for the absurd as well as the essential, and so admirable a sense of English prose that he must surely have started as a poet. Edmund Wilson plays fair: does not pretend that his is the impartial camera-eye, and makes it easy for us to allow for bias. Thus we learn that, although when filling out a form of application for leave to visit Israel, he wrote "*Religion*: none," he cannot deny his early religious conditioning, and has to admit that he remains a confirmed Protestant individualist.

Red, Black, Blond and Olive, by Edmund Wilson (Oxford; $6.75).

In 1947 he attended the Zuñi Shalako Festival. The Zuñi pueblo, which he admires immensely for its prolonged and triumphant resistance to cultural assimilation, by first the Spaniards and then the Americans, nevertheless exasperates him:

> Its strength and cohesion it seems mainly to owe to the extraordinary tribal religion: a complicated system of priesthoods, fraternities and clans which not only performs the usual functions of religions but also supplies it with a medical service, a judiciary machinery and year-long entertainment. This cult includes the whole community, distributing and rotating offices, and organizing it so tightly that it is completely self-contained in a way that perhaps no white community is, and equipped to resist the pressures that have disintegrated other Indian groups. . . . The early Catholic missionaries found Zuñi so tough a nut that they abandoned it for a hundred years. The present Catholic priest in the pueblo is said to feel that he has made some progress, now that the Zuñis, after a quarter of a century, when they meet him out of doors, do not spit at him.

However, though the Zuñis' scornful

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rejection of Catholicism obviously pleases Mr. Wilson, they seem to criticize his Protestantism when saying, of missionaries in general: "They throw their religion away as if it weren't worth anything, and expect us to believe it." So:

> My feelings about the Zuñis, as I left, were mixed. I was torn between admiration for their stoutness and self-consistency, and impatience at their exclusiveness and bigotry in relation to the rest of the world. One had to admit that a highly developed and vividly imagined mythology was a great thing to hold a people together and to inspire them with confidence in themselves.

But Mr. Wilson cannot allow that the Shalako system is any good, even if it works. It is just one more mythology:

> The effects on our own society of the mythologies which have influenced it lately are anything but reassuring. The Christian mythology is obsolete, almost as impracticable for the modern man as that of Sayatasha and his colleagues.

Sayatasha is a Rain-god, patron of the Shalako Festival, and the Shalakos are masked male dancers, dressed as birds of good luck. They dance all night in houses especially built for the occasion, and by their grace and vigor guarantee not only the year's fertility—like the masked dancers who "leaped for the Son of Cronus" in ancient Crete—but the permanence of the whole Zuñi cult. The Zuñis have no sense of sin, but only a desire for perfection; the Shalako bird does not bring pardon and redemption, like the Christian dove, but only a promise of fertility and mirth:

> It was marvellous what this dancer could do, as he balanced his huge bird-body. He would slowly pavane across the floor; he would pirouette and teeter; he would glide in one flight the whole length of the room as smoothly as a bird alighting. The masks are constructed like crinolines; there are hoops sewn inside a long cylinder that diminishes toward the top; and the whole hangs from a slender pole attached to the dancer's belt. So the movements are never stiff. The Shalakos, ungainly though they may seem at first when one watches them from afar by daylight, are created in the dance as live beings; and this one was animated from top to toe, vibrating as if with excitement — gleaming with its turquoise face, flashing its white embroidered skirt, while its foxskins flapped like wings at the shoulders. . . . And I found that it was only with effort that I, too, could withstand its hypnotic effect. I had finally to take myself in hand in order to turn my attention and to direct myself out of the house. For something in me began to fight the Shalako, to reject and repulse its influence just at the moment when it was most compelling. One did not want to rejoin the Zuñis in their primitive Nature cult; and it was hardly worth while for a Protestant to have stripped off the mummeries of Rome in order to fall a victim to an agile young man in a ten-foot mask.

Not more than one American has ever been accepted by the Zuñis as a member of the pueblo: Frank Hamilton Cushing, a frail ethnologist who settled there in 1879. He had spent most of his life hardening himself by an Indian-like existence in the woods of central New York State, and his studies of Indian handicrafts and customs made him feel completely at home among the Zuñis. Eventually they took away his white-man's clothes, insisted on his entering their society and even appointed him Priest of the Bow. Cushing was removed from Zuñis after four years' residence by jealous compatriots; he had successfully defended the tribe against Idaho land-grabbers and persuaded the President to intervene personally. He and his fellow-ethnologist, Mrs. Matilda Coxe Stevenson, published certain reports on Zuñi mythology and customs which the tribe now condemn as a breach of faith, though before his death Cushing destroyed all his notes on really crucial tribal lore. Mr. Wilson admires Cushing because, refusing to marry a Zuñi, he went home for a church wedding with a girl from his own State and brought her back with him. Yet Cushing yielded to the obsolete mythology and even brought himself to appreciate the Zuñi cuisine, which at first revolted him, including as it did a greenish paste with a flavor of aromatic plants, made from boiled and mashed-up woodrats.

Matilda Stevenson, on the other hand, was not accepted by the public, but got her information from a man-woman called Wéwhat. The Zuñis have a habit of letting a boy decide at puberty whether he is in fact a boy, or whether he may, perhaps, be a girl. The men of the family do their best to keep him a male, but if he is obviously a *bardash* (as the Five Nations called a man-woman) and wants to join the squaws, they do not interfere. I was expecting an appreciative comment on this very realistic arrangement which, if adopted in London and New York, would go far towards solving what is rapidly becoming an acute problem: how to weed out the natural, harmless *bardash* from the artificial and pestilent *bardash* who "joins the squaws" to further his literary or theatrical career. Yet Mr. Wilson lets the point go by—perhaps because the Jews, from whom the Protestants inherit their moral code, once kept *bardash*-houses on Mount Zion itself, but later bethought themselves and made homosexuality a capital offense.

Two years after his visit to Zuñi,

Zuni Indians in dancing clothes

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A Haitian country market

Wilson went to Haiti, and brought back a detailed account of conditions in the island, with particular emphasis on the recent literary renascence in French and Creole at Port-au-Prince; and the political situation since the Negro Party wrested power from the Mulattos. He contrasts the Haitian revolution which the Negroes won against the whites with the American Civil War. The revolution had been begun by the first African slaves imported in the early 16th Century, when Haiti was still Hispaniola, and Christopher Columbus' son ruled it for Spain; continued against the French; and was not concluded until the US occupying forces were withdrawn in 1936. Mr. Wilson praises the vigorous Haitian breed, at the expense of the effete American Negro:

> It is something which is not provincial French, which is still less a reversion to Africa; it is a spirit and a point of view that are not likely to be easily malleable to either the South American or the North American mold. The Haitian — between the Americas, between the New World and Europe— is in a position particularly favorable to an international view of history; and he is not merely international, he is also interracial. In an epoch absolutely demented with trumped-up racisms and overdone nationalisms, it is possible for the Haitian to see the world in purely human terms. And these conditions all contribute, in Haiti, to produce on the highest levels, a type of mind irreducibly first-rate.

Since the question has been raised, however, I should suggest that the American Negro slaves of the ante-bellum plantations did not spring from any less noble and intelligent stock than the Haitians. They simply lacked the same geographical facilities for revolt.

Mr. Wilson writes at length about an active Irish Methodist pastor named McConnell, who had made only a single convert during his many years' stay in Haiti, but confined himself to setting a good moral example, and teaching the peasants to read and write Creole. McConnell was resolutely opposed to Voodoo, which he regarded as sheer deviltry. After commenting that a Catholic priest merely represents the Church and is of no personal importance; that the French Church has supplied Haiti with "Breton priests almost as ignorant as the Haitians themselves," and that a Protestant divine must always count as an individual, Mr. Wilson comes out with this:

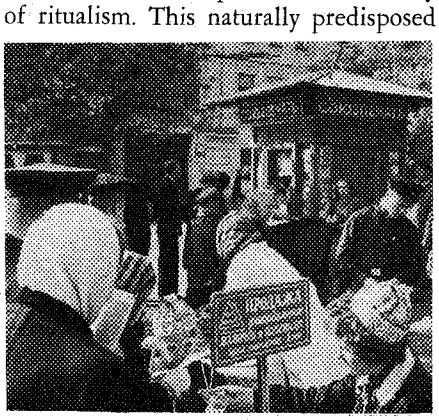
> A really fine example of Protestant practice is to me a great deal more impressive than the giving oneself up to God of either the Voodoo worshipper or the Catholic.

Thus, though he is reporting on Haiti, something warns him not to attend a Voodoo ceremony even as a detached spectator, lest like Stanley Reser, a US Marine, now a leading Voodoo priest, or Miss Maya Deren, a Guggenheim Research Fellow, another convert, he may find himself caught up by it. Miss Deren actually got possessed by the Voodoo Love-goddess—how awkward! He prefers to watch Methodist Pastor McConnell's patient and non-doctrinal school-teaching. I find this ironical. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, in his apocalyptic preaching missions to the poor and underprivileged used precisely the same conversion technique as the Voodoo priests: a merciless assault on the cerebro-nervous system, continued until what is called "the ultra-paradoxical stage" is reached, when the defiant sinner becomes hysterically susceptible to the divine message, falls in a fit—and gives himself to God. Wesley employed a spell-binding voice and gestures, and a fearful Hell-fire message; the Voodoo priests use drums and dancing. Stanley Reser, in fact, said of Voodoo:

> The more a person's character is in opposition to the *loa.* [Voodoo gods some of African origin, some Catholic saints gone round the bend], the more violently he fights them. Then comes a time when something has to *give.*

So Voodoo—by the way, one of the strongest forces in the achievement of the Haitian independence applauded by Mr. Wilson—remains an active and growing religion, while reformed Methodism, putting works before faith (as Wesley did, ineffectually, until his conversion) bogs down.

WHAT makes the account of Mr. Wilson's visit to Russia, in 1935, unusually interesting is that at one point, by sheer mischance, he jumped the rails of the Intourist traffic line. That is to say, he caught scarlet fever, and was sent to a primitive isolation hospital at Odessa, where he evaded police scrutiny for some weeks and conversed freely with his fellow-sick. Mr. Wilson's early Protestant conditioning—Presbyterian, I should guess—apparently included an emphasis on the doctrine of service to the community; on man's equality in the sight of God whatever his trade, profession or color; on the wickedness of mammon-worship; and on the folly of ritualism. This naturally predisposed



A youth festival in Kiev

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him, when he lost faith in Christianity to welcome the Russian experiment. His faith in that is also now a thing of the past, and it is greatly to his credit that the Protestant insistence on telling the truth has not allowed him to falsify his original account. Despite the sorrow felt by him at Soviet ruthlessness and inefficiency, he had written:

> In the meantime, despite these defects, you feel in the Soviet Union that you are living at the moral top of the world, where the light never really goes out, just as you know in the Gulf of Finland, where the summer day never ends, that you are close to the geographical top.

This passage culminates in a lyrical account of the Russian commonalty filing past the mummified body of their hero Lenin:

> The head in the tomb, with its high forehead, its straight nose, its pointed beard (which has grown gray on the dead man's cheeks), its sensitive nostrils and eyelids, gives an impression in some ways strangely similar to that one gets from the supposed death-mask of Shakespeare. It is a beautiful face, of exquisite fineness; and—what surely proves its authenticity—it is profoundly aristocratic. . . . Here has humanity bred, independent of all the old disciplines, the scientist whose study is humanity, the poet whose material is not images but the water and salt of human beings—the superior man who has burst out of the classes and claimed all that is superior which man has done for the refinement of mankind as a whole.

I found myself profoundly moved once, in the Cairo Museum, by the authentic mummified feature of Pharaoh Seti, the noblest and most benignant ruler that Egypt ever knew. But all I said was: "This is the first really good face I have yet met in Egypt." Mr. Wilson must have been hypnotized by the dumb reverence of the Russian masses into his sudden upsurge of buried religious emotion: an adolescent's adoring dream of Christ the Saviour. Indeed, for all his urbanity, skepticism, and *New Yorker* poise, he seems to be highly suggestible. Had he been compelled to watch the Shalako bird an hour or two longer, growing angrier and angrier, until something *gave*, he might now be married to a Zuñi and eating aromatic mushed-up woodrat paste, with relish.

Folk-dancing on a collective farm in Israel

His last visit was to Israel, two years ago, where he found himself more on his homeground than in the other three countries. Protestantism of the sort that bred Mr. Wilson is an attempt to cut through the pagan accretions of Humanism and return to the ethical principles which Christianity borrowed from the Pharisaic synagogue. He is of course horrified by the vulgar squabbles in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre between the different denominations housed there, each of which expects the other to restore the dangerously crumbling fabric before it tumbles about all their ears. And he is of course equally enchanted by the industry, brotherly love and uncommercialism of the *Kibbutzim*. He decides to take lessons in elementary Hebrew, and reads *The Book of Genesis*, which he finds delightful.

Soon, he forms a rather dubious theory that, owing to the non-temporal tenses of Hebrew verbs, the ancient Jews never had a sense of time, nor any interest in chronology. Granted, the Jews had no fixed era, but neither did the Egyptians (which has always annoyed Egyptologists); and synchronized reigns of the kings of Israel and Judah are to be found in the historical books of the Bible, combined with mentions of well-known foreign events, which allow an accurate chronology to be compiled from 854 B.C. forward. Also the Jews took far greater care to keep their calendar in order than the Romans—Julius Caesar was obliged to inaugurate his Julian Calendar with a fifteen-month year to make the traditional feasts correspond with their seasons again!

As a Protestant, Mr. Wilson was shocked when he discovered that Levirate marriage (to a deceased brother's wife) could still be enforced in modern Israel. Very well; but I regret his uncritical statement that a Jew may divorce his wife for burning the dinner—a sneer too often repeated by self-righteous Protestants. It is true that Hillel, the President of the Sanhedrin in Jesus' boyhood, and the true father of Protestant ethics, made this legal pronouncement, but with a heavy ironic emphasis on the *may*. Hillel was here contrasting the freedom of divorce sanctioned by Moses, with the duty of a husband to cling to and forgive his wife, however badly she behaved, with as much mercy as Jehovah had shown to his erring spouse Israel. Hillel himself was never divorced; how often has Mr. Wilson's dinner been burned? Yet the Psalms of David still echo in English through Mr. Wilson's head, and he cannot fail to identify himself emotionally with the friendly and dynamic new Israel — "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then were we like to them that wept"—and wish them well against the hosts of Midian that growl and prowl around.

At the close, after giving all the myths of the world severe chastisement, Mr. Wilson remarks that he is unlikely to publish any more such records of foreign travel, but will set himself to deal in a more searching way with the life he should know best, namely that of his own American homeland. Which reminds me of an old Navajo adage: "A young fox filled with dangerous curiosity crept silently up his own nostrils to peep at the secrets behind his eyes; but he sneezed himself to death." I sympathize warmly with Mr. Wilson: he and I are exact contemporaries, my religious conditioning was identical with his, my cantankerousness exceeds his, and we are both liable, one day, to sneeze ourselves to death.

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War to the German Soldier

by George N. Shuster

GERMAN war fiction written after 1945 is as different from that of the post-1918 period as Mary Johnson's books about the Civil War are different from Hemingway's about more recent conflicts. Some minor practitioners still try to squeeze a drop or two of patriotic fervor out of marching and dying, but the liquor has no kick in it. The great German books of 30 years ago were concerned with idealistic men who had for the most part assumed that war was a kind of patriotic singing exercise during which you took a chance at being shot and then found yourself stuck for four years, more or less, in scorofulous mud. Younger readers of today would have to do a good deal of backbreaking research if they hoped to divine the mood of that time. French and German students, for example, laid down their lives with an enthusiasm which in retrospect seems romantically absurd and breathtakingly suicidal. What the German survivors believed they had come by was "the war experience," or the experience of solidarity with other men in the presence of death. This an American seldom shared, probably because the time he expended on fighting was mercifully short. But it affected the French and the German profoundly and is no doubt one reason why Hitler came to power and the second tragedy began.

The Cross of Iron, by Willi Heinrich, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Bobbs-Merrill; $4.50).

Mr. Heinrich's book is a superior sample of the literature born of the Second World War, resembling in several important ways the best which has appeared in our own country. For example, it gives the prostitute a place near the center of the stage, with no veils to hide her nakedness. This is no doubt so because what was happening to woman was of the utmost tragic importance.

The hero of this novel is a non-com named Steiner, in some respects a blend of Leatherstocking and Lone Ranger, but who can also be as ruthless and cruel as a gangster. He worms his way out of impossible situations with flashes of genius. Viewed as a straightforward reporter of military escapades in which his hero figures, Mr. Heinrich succeeds very well, indeed, primarily because he individualizes soldiers instead of submerging them in the mass. It would probably not be possible to narrate more macabre, revolting yet somehow horribly fascinating yarns than that of the capture of Russian women soldiers and its aftermath. In such pages one relives, if one is so minded, the grim business of life against life in modern war.

Steiner himself exemplifies the male half in love with death because every other kind of love eludes him. He is unquestionably the most exciting character to come alive in German war fiction. A three-dimensional *Sturm-und-Drang* fellow, he leads a platoon as deftly personalized as can be imagined. Perhaps the most unforgettable member is the soldier Zoll who could not resist rape and dies horribly as a result. The rest typify almost every stratum of German society. They ask questions about the meaning of life, philosophy, religion, statecraft; the author answers for them.

The ghastly meaninglessness of all utopias, which lies over contemporary Germany like a pall, seems the only point there was to the War. This meaninglessness dictates the manner in which relationships between officers and soldiers are portrayed. The villains are leaders who seek in felonious ways to withdraw from the risks of the struggle; those who do not do that are accepted for what they purport to be. Steiner is not a rebel against authority. He bows to it when it is what it claims to be, and his story is utterly lacking in the caste consciousness of yore. The "they" who are blamed remain remote and inaccessible.

AMONG the lesser achievements of author Heinrich is the evocation of Russia as a theater of war. It is relived in all its endless, mysterious distances but also in its occasional idyllic moments. The book is utterly devoid of hatred and indeed of any affection save that which springs up, seemingly despite itself, between men who must have confidence in one another if any are to survive. In this sense Steiner is fond of the soldiers he leads, though he is quite ready to blot out any who do not conform.

The book succeeds because it is revolting and inglorious. The soldiers who were ordered to march into Russia were not asked for their opinions. It was up to them to survive if they could. They could not. The trap was sprung and they were caught and died. There was really nothing to do but to die. All else about the war was a delusion.

Anima

WE ARE betrayed by what is false. Within
Our hearts good and evil strive. Our minds,
Sometimes aloft, above grace, or sin,
Search out satisfaction. Time reminds

Our senses of the savage contradictions
Entertained tumultously. We win,
We lose, we stay awhile upon convictions.
In some new century has any been?

The falsity is life itself. We are
Betrayed by time, which made us mortal. Time
Is a laughing light upon an ancient star.
Inmost thought is subtly made to rhyme.

It is the perdurable toughness of the soul
God and Nature make us want to keep;
The struggle of the part against the whole.
Each time we take a breath it must be deep.

RICHARD EBERHART

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Eisenhower's Coalition Government

by V. O. Key Jr.

GIVEN the ceremonies by which books are christened, Samuel Lubell probably should not be held accountable for the title of the *Revolt of the Moderates*. Its pages project no etched outline of disciplined phalanxes of moderates marching to revolutionary tri-

The Revolt of the Moderates, by Samuel Lubell (Harper; $3.75).

umph behind General Eisenhower. Mr. Lubell, rather, sees in current American politics a complex pattern whose form appears as often in puzzling shades of uncertainty as in sharp blacks and whites. Yet, as his detailed probings of phases of the American scene pass in review, allusions to the rebellious moderates softly recur as if Mr. Lubell might really believe his title.

With a bit of violence to sub-themes and diversionary excursions, the broad conception around which the detailed analyses cluster can be stated in this way: The victory of Eisenhower and the maneuvers of his Administration reflect an attempt to forge a viable coalition capable of governing a people newly turned conservative. Success in this endeavor requires adroit management of the great issues that divide the country: foreign policy, racial and religious tolerance, and economic status. Yet the resolution of these issues to construct a domestic coalition, large enough and harmonious enough to become a normal majority, must be accomplished in the context of a world politics whose demands often run counter to the expediencies of the maintenance of domestic party position. The problem is put as one of finding "a new internal balance that can be fitted into a new world equilibrium."

As he examines specific sectors of the current political scene, Mr. Lubell works within this broad notion of the conflicting demands of domestic political coalition and external policy. His treatment of Eisenhower—who emerges as a man of great political skill, "Ye Compleat Political Angler"—centers on the issue generated by the conflict between the insistent demand for reduction of government costs and the risks involved in a contraction of military strength. The Eisenhower balance—a tougher foreign policy at less cost—mirrors, or so the argument goes, the contradictory wishes of the voters. Here, as throughout, the general interpretations are anchored in the grass-root attitudes Mr. Lubbell found in his interviews with voters over the country. The leadership of Eisenhower thus consists in "the skill with which he has followed the public mood." Whether the price of a balance dictated by a contradictory public mood is too high will be decided, the prudent observation is, by "time—and the Russians."

AMONG the internal torments of the Republican coalition Lubell emphasizes the problem of digesting the hard core of isolationism—that is, the localities of German-American background and other areas disillusioned over foreign policy. Eisenhower, though an internationalist, drew heavy support from the areas of extreme isolation, as did McCarthy. Energetic exploitation of discontent over foreign policy brought these groups to the Republican ranks but their durable enlistment in the Republican coalition on terms compatible with the international necessities requires the adoption of a domestic economic policy of wider popular appeal. That course of party modernization, however, meets head-on another inner Republican contradiction: the antipathy of the business wing of the party toward a more popular domestic economic policy, an antipathy which also often ranks preferences on domestic policy above the needs of external security. An account of the painful process of the education of George Humphrey is used to suggest that Republican business has begun to sense that Moscow is not far from Cleveland and has, in deed if not in doctrine, begun to embrace Keynesianism.

Mr. Lubell traces the intricacies of the skein of his new conservative coalition through the farm belt and the South. He finds in the farm belt a new class division consequent upon the technological revolution in farming. Certain categories of farmers tend to become businessmen who, with the slightest encouragement, lean Republican; others, including part-time farmers, incline toward alliance with urban workers. In the South the economic revolution pulls the new upper classes toward Republicanism; they are joined from time to time by rural racial extremists driven by opposition to the Democratic party nationally.

Whether the Republican party can cement together all these divergent elements into a durable coalition is a question posed but not answered. Mr. Lubell sees middle-class conservatism (which he evidently equates with moderation) as the potential unifying strain, although he is concerned lest middle-class complacency deter the development of domestic coalitions adequate to meet the external exigencies born of an advancing technology of destruction. "The time to worry," he says, "is when all is 'moderation'," not when we are battling among ourselves. Yet his worry is coupled with an apparent equanimity about a leadership disposed to drift simultaneously with different streams flowing in different directions. This attitude seems to stem from a belief that "national character" determines the nature of political leadership. Our great failures are not failures of political leadership, i. e., the Eisenhower Administration, but are failures of national character, a view that assigns a most constricted range of responsibility and potentiality to political leadership. A party leadership may pass the buck for its ineptitude not only to administrative subordinates but all the way back to the people themselves.

SUCH is the argument, at least in its broadest terms. What of the analysis? A sequel to so successful a book as *The Future of American Politics* will inevitably be weighed against its predecessor. Yet the two books are scarcely comparable. The earlier Lubell judiciously combined statistical analysis, shoe leather, and the insights of a skilled reporter to break fresh ground in the description of the ways of the American voter. Here Lubell essays the far more difficult undertaking of discerning the grand architecture of the current political cosmos and of identifying its pervading characteristics. In a sense, he tackles today the task of discerning the broad manner in which yesterday will be viewed in his-

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tory, an assignment more commonly undertaken by those given to Lippmannesque brooding than by those committed to the Lubellian techniques of observation and analysis.

An abiding distrust of grand schemes and broad characterizations to simplify complex situations leaves me skeptical of a picture of the recent world as a triumph of the moderates or as a new conservatism seeking to find its voice. Other short-hand descriptions may turn out to fit the reality quite as well. Perspective may picture 1952 and its aftermath as the triumph, under a special set of circumstances, of a strange coalition —extremists, moderates, anxiety-ridden, greedy—led by a crowd neither able enough nor courageous enough to cut through the tangle of special interests and the curtains of fear to draw on the good sense of the American people for strength to cope with the perils Mr. Lubell so graphically describes. Or time may prove him right. His audacity in attempting to construct the ultimate view of today can command only admiration.

Gravity and Grace

by Alfred Kazin

SOME years ago Mr. J. F. Powers startled us with a book of stories called *Prince of Darkness.* They came out of the dry and vast plains of Middle Western boredom, and they were mostly about life in Catholic rectories. Remembering what James Joyce had said about his own first book, *Dubliners,* that he had tried for a style of "scrupulous meanness," I thought that Mr. Powers had managed with almost the same saturated plainness to draw just the opposite conclusions. Joyce showed his people in a limbo of cultured hopelessness, people who were moving from faith into the secular bleakness of the modern city. Mr. Powers showed in the church the ferocious process of "Americanization," of "normalization," the world of utter mediocrity in which everybody's daily life is lived. And it made no difference. The spirit triumphed every time—but so quietly and unexpectedly that the effect was one of humor rather than zeal. "Grace," to use the formula of Simone Weil, won over the law of "gravity" that keeps *everybody* with his feet too much on the ground.

The Presence of Grace, by J. F. Powers (Doubleday; $2.95).

What made these stories so remarkable was maturity. American fiction is always striking an attitude or being "psychological" or just reporting the violence of some unusual experience. Mr. Powers' work was about a *world*; it constantly yielded literary vanity to the truth and depth of this world. He was subtle, funny, precise, and always unexpected. The book seemed to come out of a longer background than most young American writers of fiction ever own.

And now here is a new book, stories again, for Mr. Powers thinks in stories. He is a miniaturist, a close thinker, close as a chess player at times. When you take on a Powers story, you find yourself working hard from line to line, and constantly being outguessed. Nevertheless, the point is usually the same: the world falls at the feet of the spirit; the smart sophisticated young curate somehow gets his comeuppance, while the deaf impossible old coot he is trying to replace as pastor not only retains his post, but stands supreme in his dignity at the end, representing a truth, a charity, that makes him beautiful. Indeed, the usual situation in Powers is not even a struggle on equal terms between the world and the spirit; it is, more usually, the vain struggle of the ambitious young curate to make his place in the church through "realism," salesmanship. And in his constant defeat, we are expected, I suppose, to see that the wisdom of the church is deeper than even it knows.

In story after story the world in which we move is one of "gravity," but the victory that is won is one of grace. Gravity not only holds us down to earth; it is the fatal ordinariness of life that brings everybody down, even priests. The humor is the world of ordinary American materialism operating as a *means* to ends that are implicit in the faith. The point that Mr. Powers always makes so quietly that the world of clerical housekeeping gets as muddled as any other. The coffee, apparently, is a particular horror, and there is an obsessive amount of bread-pudding.

The Ten

"One of the best-dressed ten women"
—a newspaper reference to Mme. Henri Bonnet

MME. BONNET is one of the best-dressed ten;
But what of the slovenly six, the hungry five,
The solemn three who plague all men alive,
The twittering two who appear every now and again?

What of the sexual seven who want only to please,
Advancing in unison down the hospital hall,
Conversing obscenely, wearing no clothing at all,
While under your sterile sheet you flame and freeze?

What will you say of the weird, monotonous one
Who stands beside the table when you write,
Her long hair coiling in the angry light,
Her wild eyes dancing brighter than the sun?

What will you say of her who grasps your pen
And lets the ink run slowly down your page,
Throws back her head and laughs as from a cage:
"Mme. Bonnet is one, you say? . . . And then?"

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

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Itchy; everything needs painting; the vow of chastity includes the usual irritable American over-eating. Everybody's world in the morning, especially, is one of gravity, and these priests are no exception. The atmosphere Mr. Powers creates is exemplary in its suggestion of dyspepsia, over-feeding, and competitiveness. And grace? The point about grace is that it is always mysterious. Its presence is a gift. In the title story, there is even a complicated pun on the word, for the lady named Grace is a gossipmonger, a horrid Pharisee who has broken with her best friend, a middle-aged lady who has taken in an eligible widower for a boarder. The presence of grace nevertheless makes itself felt—or rather, the intimation of it is felt as possible—when Grace's gang of ladies are stopped by an old priest who in all other respects appears incompetent.

I ADMIRE Mr. Powers very much—story after story is worked out to the finest possible point; this is work that manages to indicate the fusion of intelligence and compassion that comes out as humor. There is real love in his heart, but he knows that the *heart* does not write short stories, and that the beauty of grace can appear only against the background of the horrid daily element, which is gravity. Gravity and grace are the *only* possible elements in which a true imagination can work. The one stands for "reality"; the other for ideal beauty. Most American writers don't even know that they are necessary to each other. Their world has no background, nothing by which to judge the pitifulness of our daily actions.

But may I, very softly, complain? Mr. Powers has fallen into a rut, he now works too much by formula, and the deplorable cuteness into which he sometimes falls is there because he knows too well in advance what his material "means," so that we find him looking for gimmicks with which to "handle" his material. Two stories here are told by cats; one would have been enough. Mr. Powers offers us so "shrewd" an outcome in story after story that by now it is clear that he is not only writing about life in the Church, but that he is dramatizing the Church itself, constantly pointing to the unpretentious means by which it wins its true ends. There were several times when I definitely saw Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald in this collection as the lovable priests. Like any "world," Mr. Powers' scenes from clerical life have become, from too close exploitation, rather obviously picturesque.

But I must not close without saying again what an original Mr. Powers is, and what a true writer he seems on the immature American scene.

Genesis of an Historian

by Bruce Bliven

THAT CHARLES A. BEARD was a towering figure in American historical writing and thinking in the 1920's is a fact that is difficult to remember nowadays, when his stature seems so much diminished. For this there are several reasons, apart from the inevitable erosion of a quarter of a century. One of these is that Beard found himself strongly out of sympathy with the New Deal, and especially its foreign policy; as the tides of history pushed the United States closer to international co-operation against Fascism, he became more and more of an isolationist, though on an intellectual level far higher than was exhibited by most of those who shared his views.

The Making of Charles A. Beard: An Interpretation, by Mary Ritter Beard (Exposition Press; $3).

Another reason was the nature of his chief contribution to historical thought. Beginning in the second decade of the century, Beard made a monumental documentation of the theory that the American Founding Fathers were strongly activated by economic motives. In his famous *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913) he said that it was chiefly influenced by money, public securities, manufacturing and trade and shipping. The Marxians had been saying this for generations, but they had never taken the trouble to document their charges, or if they did so, they were unreadably dry and dull about it. He continued the general argument in *The Economic Basis of Politics* (1922) and to some extent in his most famous book, *The Rise of American Civilization* (1927).

BY killing off Parson Weemism for all time (at least among serious historians) he performed a valuable service; but he was unlucky in several ways. Although he was never a Marxist, his stern realism came to sound like the Marxist philosophy at the moment when the Russians began to misbehave so conspicuously that any remote resemblance became a bad mark in your record. He was also assumed, by people who read about him instead of reading Beard himself, to be anti-business, just when the great current rehabilitation of the tycoon was beginning.

These accidents should not cause us to forget our debt to Beard. By fighting against wishful hero-worship, he raised the level of all historical writing. By resigning from Columbia University in 1917 because he thought (correctly) that President Nicholas Murray Butler was guilty of war hysteria, he struck an important blow for academic freedom at a time when it was very badly needed indeed.

Through his salty, iconoclastic personality, he was a strong and valuable influence on generations of college students.

This little book is written by his widow and lifelong collaborator, an important historian in her own right. It is very slender indeed; Mrs. Beard's memoir of her husband is only a few thousand words in length, and the remainder of the book is a series of documents, most of them having to do with the Institute of Municipal Research in Tokyo, which Beard helped to establish. Mrs. Beard's contribution is uncritical, as it should be; it correctly emphasizes Beard's many travels to all parts of the world, and his contacts everywhere which made him far from the closet philosopher he is sometimes accused of being.

This volume is not, of course, any substitute for the full-dress biography that Charles Beard deserves. I hope somebody is doing one.

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The Redemption of the Wicked

by Willard Thorp

I HAVE no doubt that in time this novel will make its way. It is beautifully contrived, as are the later novels of Henry James; weighted with curious but fascinating learning, as is *The Magic Mountain*. The inter-relationships of its characters are more often to be felt than scanned by the eye. For lazy readers these virtues will be high hurdles. For others there may be too much religion or too much (concealed) Jung. Some may object, even in this day, to the varieties of sexual experience, normal and abnormal, which are essential to the author's intention. But by those who care about the craft of fiction, *The Malefactors* will be judged the finest of Miss Gordon's eight novels, though not her most ingratiating. Because of its nearly faultless construction it will probably be taught as a model of craftsmanship before it goes into a second printing.

The Malefactors, by Caroline Gordon (Harcourt, Brace; $3.95).

The plot of *The Malefactors* is almost as simple, in reduction, as that of *The Golden Bowl*, but Miss Gordon's book is also a complex story of a gilded marriage which is narrowly saved from tragedy. Tom Claiborne, a Southern-born poet, now at the dangerous age of forty-eight, has not written a line in years. His wealthy wife, Vera, keeps up their establishment in which Tom is the special show-piece. Other valuable objects are a Red Poll prize bull and an aging homosexual painter friend named Max who is the major domo of Vera's Europeanized farm in Bucks County.

At a fête in honor of the bull (the day is appropriately the feast of St. Eustace, who was burned to death in a bull of brass) Cousin Cynthia arrives. She has just left her stupid professorial husband and is determined to be a poet. Having nothing else he can do, Tom is willing to serve as her lover and her tutor in verse. Thwarted in her attempt to take her life, after learning of this affair, Vera seeks refuge in a religious retreat which is also a farm where the utterly debased can sustain what life there is in them. With the help of St. Catherine of Siena, Tom finds his way to spiritual salvation and to reconciliation with Vera.

Though the story is Tom's story—we see all that we see through his eyes and mind—the dominating figure of the novel is the saintly Catherine, wildest of the Claibornes' friends in their dispatriate Paris days. After sudden conversion to Catholicism, she had returned to America and now runs a Mott Street mission as well as the farm-retreat where the final action of the story takes place. She lives under the spell of Christ's words spoken to St. Catherine in a vision:

> You cannot render to Me the love that I require of you; and, therefore, have I set you in the midst of others, in order that you may do to them what you cannot do to Me; that is, love them freely and without reserve, and without expecting any return from it; and then I consider done to Me whatever you do to them.

This is what Vera must learn, and we see her, at the end, tending, not her champion bull and his progeny, but human derelicts. Tom must be made to learn forgiveness. He must forgive his reckless, lecherous father, whom he has hated, and his one-time friend, the poet Horne Watts, a homosexual and a suicide, who terrorizes Tom's dreams.

Miss Gordon accomplishes all she has to do because she found subtle and suitable devices. It is right that the story should come to us through Tom's consciousness, for he is a poet and sees beyond what the others see. And what he sees is seen the more intensely because it has no issue in words (except the words of the story). Miss Gordon's greatest technical triumph is the threefold movement of the novel, which accords perfectly with the movement of Tom's mind. Because his creativity and will are frozen, he stares on his present world with hyper-intensity. At the same time his imagination roves back into his past as he seeks the causes of his predicament. The forward movement is supplied by the characters who act on Tom. I know of no modern novel in which this polyphony of present, past, and future is so skillfully composed.

In Burnt Autumn

IN burnt autumn, through a trance of leaves
The branches held gold drying, drifted down
Through shades of wings the leaves when the gilt air
Sifted the delicate things,
I walked among the drying, dying ones head on,
Head on, head up, into the burnt autumn.

Was it not a day of leaf-trod earth?
It was, amidst the plenteous dearth
Of winds descending in a blowing choir
And I was much beneath the pluck and fall
Most yearning for an eminence of all
Out of the air, beyond my eyes,
And yearned for proof of countries past my skies
In centuries god knows where, in amber waters of what dyes
Sienna through the leaves there wandering down.
It was the instance of perfection in the bowers
They in their leaves birds had of shaken towers
And gilt the day and salt my dowers.

Much that we would not alter lies on earth
Sighed where the wind does through the gold structures.
Oh! How to see her murder fair
Rendered upon the eye! How to!

JEAN GARRIGUE

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Are We All "Traitriots"?

by Maurice J. Goldbloom

LOYALTY and disloyalty are terms whose meaning is usually clear enough when they are applied in specific contexts. When they are used more abstractly, however—particularly in the political field—they acquire an aura of semantic confusion. Complexes of attitudes, potentialities of action in hypothetical situations, motivations conscious and unconscious, become mixed in a brew more apt to intoxicate than nourish the intellect.

The Loyal and the Disloyal, by Morton Grodzins (Chicago; $4).

In a way, Professor Grodzins compounds the confusion by stretching his application of both terms (but especially disloyalty) to take in territory beyond that assigned by common usage. Thus he describes the desire of a black-marketing butcher to make money in terms of "loyalties to business, career, and family." And he includes as "disloyal" the members of "revolutionary" groups (by which he apparently means groups with revolutionary ideologies irrespective of their practical consequences), religious conscientious objectors, and even "radicals." If one uses words in this way, one can scarcely help arriving, as Professor Grodzins does, at the conclusion that:

> No person is a complete patriot or a complete traitor. All are traitriots. Just as all men have a little neurosis in them, so it is that all have a trace of the traitor.

Professor Grodzins has a right to follow Humpty Dumpty's Law: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less," but it does not seem like a very profitable exercise.

It is a pity that Professor Grodzins goes off the deep end in this and other ways, because he has some intelligent and civilized things to say. Basically, his position is that individuals have loyalties to many groups, as well as to ideas and ideals. These loyalties may conflict with each other and with loyalty to the nation. But they may also reinforce national loyalty and serve as the channels through which it finds expression. He holds that this reinforcement is characteristic of democracies, while the attempt to secure an exclusive and direct national loyalty and destroy all independent groups which might be foci of loyalty characterizes the totalitarian states.

In regard to totalitarian states, this is certainly correct—with the reservation that, in this sense, both Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy fell far short of the totalitarian goal, since in each state numerous independent groups continued to exist and were tolerated as long as they were not actively anti-state. But in regard to democracies, Professor Grodzins appears to be generalizing from the Anglo-American pattern as if it were the only possible one—which it is not. Thus in France, most of the numerous groups to which the citizenry belong in their private capacities are bastions *against* the state; whatever loyalty the nation receives is apt to be despite, rather than because of, loyalties to non-national groups.

WITH respect to the Anglo-American pattern, Professor Grodzins is on firmer ground. One may wonder, however, whether the reinforcement of national by non-national loyalties is the *cause* of the strength shown by the more successful democracies, or the *result* of other independent factors. To this reviewer, it seems likely that the common denominator of all the successful democracies is a sense of loyalty to the nation as community, as distinguished from obedience to the nation as state. Voluntary groups, by and large, fit themselves into and reinforce this framework of communal loyalty, but they do not create it.

From his analysis of the relation between group loyalties and direct national loyalty in the democracies, Professor Grodzins draws the conclusion that national loyalty can best be strengthened by encouraging the proliferation of voluntary groups of all kinds—even bad ones. Certainly a democratic society cannot, without distorting its own essence, interpose many obstacles in the way of freedom of association. But whether the multiplication of organized groups — particularly when it has reached the point that it has in some sectors of American society — is itself good, seems at least open to question.

Interspersed with the somewhat discontinuous development of his central thesis, Professor Grodzins has chapters dealing more or less autonomously with certain specific topics. One of the best chapters of the book deals with the mass evacuation of the West Coast Japanese during the war and the factors which caused thousands of the evacuees to declare themselves "disloyal." Here

Belief

MOTHER said to call her if the H bomb exploded
And I said I would, and it about did
When Louis my brother robbed a service station
And lay cursing on the oily cement in handcuffs.

But by that time it was too late to tell Mother,
She was too sick to worry the life out of her
Over *why why.* Causation is sequence
And everything is one thing after another.

Besides, my other brother, Eddie, had got to be President,
And you can't ask too much of one family.
The chances were as good for a good future
As bad for a bad one.

Therefore it was surprising that, as we kept the newspapers from Mother,
She died feeling responsible for a disaster unverified,
Murmuring, in her sleep as it seemed, the ancient slogan
Noblesse oblige.

JOSEPHINE MILES

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Professor Grodzins is on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar; the factual material he includes is adequate and illuminating; his analysis is cogent.

In sharp contrast is his chapter on loyalty-security programs. Here, he makes some general suggestions for the improvement of the existing program, most of which are sound enough. But they are lost in a flood of extravagant rhetoric — almost completely isolated from facts—on the evils which have resulted from the Truman loyalty program and the Eisenhower loyalty-security program. This reviewer has long been sharply critical of both programs. But it is one thing to attack real weaknesses and abuses; it is another—and not a helpful one—to quote approvingly Professor Hans Morgenthau's silly statement that "as a result of loyalty-security investigations, the Department of State 'is hardly competent to serve any government, totalitarian or otherwise'."

The same may be said of Professor Grodzins' quite premature obituary on freedom of teaching, and of his rather excessive warnings of the danger of secrecy to scientific progress. Unfortunately, neither the secrecy imposed by the United States on its atomic scientists, nor the much greater secrecy imposed by the Soviet Union on its, prevented first this country and then the USSR from plumbing the secrets of nuclear fission and fusion. And both countries seem well on the way to the development of the intercontinental ballistic missile. It hardly seems to be scientific stagnation which is menacing us.

There is a widely-held academic superstition that a course of lectures can be automatically transmuted into a book. One has the dreadful suspicion that this has happened here. Whether or not this is the case, the book's faults of organization and presentation are regrettable. For Professor Grodzins has some worthwhile things to offer, but getting at them requires an excessive amount of work on the part of the reader.

New Suits on Old Hacks

by Roger Kennedy

This is a good book. I recommend it to all sophisticated liberals and to commercial conservatives whether sophisticated or not.

Mr. Kelley has read his way through "the literature," and he can still write clear English; only occasionally does he leave along his trail the spoor of the social scientist, phrases like "skill groups" and "interest patterns." He has thought hard, and he has stated some novel and arresting conclusions.

Professional Public Relations and Political Power, by Stanley Kelley, Jr. (Johns Hopkins; $4.50).

Of course he is a human observer, and not a computer, and therefore he has a point of view. As a social scientist, he feels more comfortable about people who speak his own vernacular, than with salesmen and advertising writers; he quotes with obvious distaste those who speak of "manufacturing policy" and "selling ideas"; near the beginning he quotes (I think with implied approval) Upton Sinclair's bitter statement that in "advertising and publicity . . . the concept of believing what one writes is unknown" and he closes his book with a long, cynical statement by an unnamed public relations man contending that his colleagues have sold their souls along with their clients and their products.

Now you see why unsophisticated liberals should approach this book warily. They are likely to find their favorite attitudes toward Madison Avenue, and one of its clients (the present Administration), reinforced, and they are unlikely to learn much about those who are constantly and effectively using all the arts of PR to create more and liberaler liberals.

Mr. Kelley casts a penetrating and accurate spotlight on the propagandists for the AMA, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, California Republicans, Maryland Republicans, Richard Nixon (as a national figure) and he cuts away the foliage that has covered the pipeline between BBD&O and Mr. Dewey (and, later, his successor-in-interest, Mr. Eisenhower.)

Mr. Kelley also talks for a few paragraphs about how Charley Michelson made Mr. Hoover responsible for the world economic crisis of 1929 (and inserts the interesting fact that Michelson was paid $25,000 "at the depths of the depression" for doing so.) He also reports the modest contribution the Katz Agency made to the Democratic campaign of 1952. Perhaps it would have been impossible to balance the picture with a full examination of the PAC campaign against Robert A. Taft in 1950, or to examine the effect of the huge amount spent for PR men in government agencies in changing the basic attitude of Americans toward the function of government in society.

Mr. Kelley has many interesting things to say. He points out that the PR man is replacing the "local boss" as the intermediary between government and people. He demonstrates the great and growing power of those who possess the skill to produce radio and television programs, to write effective copy for publications. Aside from government's annual $14 million, Mr. Kelley says that corporations are spending $400 million on their PR payroll (how much are unions spending?) and that two hundred and sixty seven schools are teaching PR. That is not to say that the most skilled and successful of PR men can, actually, "manipulate" or "standardize" public attitudes. With mass media came mass advertising, and, almost simultaneously, mass sales resistance. The public is selective in its responses to advertising, and it is still difficult to give an inferior product a competitive advantage very long, with only the testimony of a copywriter behind it. Mr. Kelley is too clear-headed to fall for the silly but widespread notion that Madison Avenue can "create" public opinion. It can activate existing opinion, it can acquaint the public with new facts, and it *can* offer for sale new attitudes. But the average citizen is a canny shopper.

One salient fact emerges from the "case studies" presented by Mr. Kelley: PR men are most effective when there are no real differences between candidates and programs. Wrap paper around tobacco and you get a cigarette. The brand name means little. So the

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enterprising advertising agency can try to convince you that "L.S.M.F.T." or that "Old Gold" means "A Treat, not a Treatment." Where facts cannot determine choice, attitudes may.

Wrap a new suit around an old hack, confront him with another hack, in another new suit, and you get a PR man's opportunity. Or, put two moderate candidates in the field, and inevitably the public will try to distinguish between them by the uniforms with which they have been clothed by official biographers and press secretaries and agency-men-on-leave.

To sum up: this book is down hill all the way for liberals. It contains much valuable information, accurately reported, and many interesting ideas, well stated. I recommend it highly to readers who stay wary, and keep saying to themselves, "yes, but what about . . .?"

Abide Not With Me

by Geoffrey Gorer

AUBREY MENEN started his life as an author with the not inconsiderable advantage of belonging to two societies, Indian on one side, British on the other. Not wholly committed to either, he could describe both with intelligent and often entertaining irony, as he showed in *A Prevalence of Witches* (his first, and in many ways his best, novel), or the autobiographical *Dead Man in the Silver Market*. Regrettably however he appears to have stopped making observations on either of the societies of which he was partly a member; his last two books, *The Ramayana* and the work under review, can only be described as assembly-line literature, the dressing up of a borrowed plot in a spritely style, which probably looks to Voltaire in his *contes*, but gets no nearer the desired elegance or sophistication than the less successful inventions of Crebillon fils.

The Abode of Love, by Aubrey Menen (Scribner's; $3.50).

The Abode of Love describes in a fictionalized form a polygamous community founded in mid-19th Century England by a dissident clergyman who claimed to have received a special revelation. The 19th Century of course produced a number of similar communities, though they were more common in the United States than in Britain; Oneida, and, in a grander way, the Mormons are well known examples. Such communities may well be misguided and of short duration, but there is no a priori reason to suppose their founders completely insincere. Knowing Mr. Menen however imputes only lust and avarice to Mr. Prince, the founder of the Abode of Love; and indeed the varied distribution of these two vices is all that distinguishes the assorted characters who take part in the main part of his fable, or in the subsidiary stories which contrive to stretch the book to the marketable length of 214 pages.

I suppose this book could be described as "agreeable light reading." The style is fluent, the language genteel, and there is not an idea or observation which need furrow the brow of the most tired of businessmen searching for a little refined titillation. Personally I find the constant, sniggering allusion to fornication and adultery as tedious as the unique chatter of experimenting adolescents, and the air of sophisticated urbanity as dated as the early works of Somerset Maugham. I also find it distressing that a writer of so much promise as Aubrey Menen should produce such a routine performance.

Just before he founded his community, Mr. Menen writes:

> Henry James Prince now did two noble actions. . . . The first was that he gave up preaching. He had a fine voice, a handsome presence and a devoted following; yet he appeared on a platform only once more in his life, and that was to announce that he would never mount one again, because he had nothing more to say. It is a shining example to everyone with a fine voice, a handsome manner and nothing more to say, and it is a pity that it is not more widely followed.

The gifts of Mr. Menen differ somewhat from those ascribed to Mr. Prince, but the dilemma would seem to be, at least for the time being, very much the same; one would like to think that these lines were introspective, and that Mr. Menen will follow the example of his puppet, until he again has something to say.

. . . *from the Book of Hours*

ALL who attempted to find you have tempted you.
And who ever found you bound you
to image and sign.

But I seek comprehension
of you, as the earth comprehends;
with my growing dimension
extends
your realm.

I ask of you no vain display
to prove your claim;
I know that the day
has another name
than you.

Do not work wonders for me.
Be in your laws that bear
witness, to heir after heir
more evident.

RAINER MARIA RILKE
translated by Lola Gruenthal

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The Act of Life

by Morton Dauwen Zabel

LATE in life, 1907, Henry James began a letter one midnight at Lamb House, Rye, to one of his American correspondents:

> It has been charming to hear from you [he said], but I am always miles and miles behind all proper forms of correspondence. When I have done a day's stint of work—that is, of "literary composition"—with any intensity, any power to write further in any manner, dreadfully abandons me. I am depleted and exanimate, and letters come off as they can—the larger proportion of them never coming off at all.

Yet he closed by saying: ". . . but it is 6 o'clock a.m. and I've written seven letters."

The two sentences fairly describe the conditions of the immense body of scribbling" which is preserved today in the surviving letters of James' lifetime—some 7,000 by latest count—from 1854 when, aged thirteen, he wrote three emphatic sentences from Paris to his playmate Eddy Van Winkle in New York "Dear Eddy, As I heard you were going to turn to turn the club into a Theatre. And as I was asked w'ether I wanted to belong here is my answer. I would like very much to belong. Yours truly H. James"), until at last the pen fell from his grasp in Carlyle Mansions, Chelsea, a few weeks before his death in February 1916.

The Selected Letters of Henry James, edited with an introduction by Leon Edel (Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy; $4).

Throughout those sixty-two years, it may safely be hazarded, hardly a day passed without its flood of "outpourings"—letters to his family, to friends in America, England, and Europe, to hosts and hostesses, guests and visitors, editors and authors: letters intimate and confiding, courteous or elegant, sometimes short, usually lavish and long, but in hardly a single case, even when confined to the "brutality" of "telegraphese" or the "fierce legibility" of the typewriter, perfunctory. Writing letters was for James always more than a form of courtesy or communication. It was a necessity of his nature and existence, a compulsion of "that queer monster, the artist," which he defined himself to Henry Adams as being: "an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility," upon whom "appearances, memories, many things, go on playing . . . with consequences that I note and 'enjoy' (grim word!) noting." "It all takes doing—and I *do*," he said in his effort to rally his melancholy friend from the "unmitigatd blackness" of old age:

> *Of course* we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of an abyss—if the abyss *has* any bottom; of course, too, there's no use talking unless one particularly *wants* to.

But "it all takes doing—and I *do*," he concluded. "I believe I shall do yet again—it is still an act of life."

It was as such an "act of life" that James wrote, virtually without intermission, through the six decades of his career; and when, at 70, he told Adams, in that letter of 1914, "I still find my consciousness interesting," he provided a fundamental clue to his energy. There seems never to have been a moment when James was not absorbed by the workings of his consciousness. It was the source of his inexhaustible zest for contacts, his tenacity in observation, the integrity of his interest. It gave him his faith in the vital energy of spirit; and when, in 1910, he tried to answer the question "Is There a Life After Death?" he rested his belief in "the unlimited vision of being," and took death as a token of the possibility of "a renewal of the interest, the appreciation, the passion, the large and consecrated consciousness" of life itself.

Henry James

To any readers who may still feel that James' fiction gives the insufficient evidence of that passion, his letters should provide a convincing corrective. In their scale and range; in the sweep of their personal drama and the variety of their styles, from the "vibrations" of his youthful responses to art, travel, love, and friendship, to the "mere twaddle of graciousness" he resorted to when tact or diplomacy required it; from the efflorescences of style that made John Sargent feel he was "watching the evolution of a bird of paradise in a tropical jungle" to the prodigious feints of verbal conjuring that made Harold Laski tell Justice Holmes that "these letters make me vomit," there was a letter for every occasion. "I regard the march of history very much as a man placed astride a locomotive, without knowledge of help, would regard the progress of that vehicle," he once wrote Charles Eliot Norton. It is in his letters, more vividly than in his fiction itself, that we see James "sticking on," forging, to shift the figure, the bonds of his friendships, the softer skeins of his passing affections, the shrewder substance of his dealings with publishers and agents, the artful webs of his social and literary diplomacy.

IT was in 1920 that Percy Lubbock published his two thick volumes of James' *Letters.* This was a notable edition by any standards and it still remains the largest, notable alike for its scope of documents and as the first biography of James to appear. What Mr. Leon Edel has now produced is a book of a different kind and intention. Drawing on a huge stock of material to which Lubbock did not have access (of the 120 letters he includes, half have not been previously published); drawing also on his own unrivalled knowledge of James' life, travels, business dealings, and working methods, all of which he has already shown in his Jamesian scholarship and in *The Untried Years,* the first volume of his biography, he has assembled not so much a record of James' career as an index of his personality and mind.

Lubbock printed about five times as

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many letters as Mr. Edel has found room for in this compact volume of the admirable "Great Letter Series"; his edition appeared when many, perhaps most, of James' correspondents were still living; many names, comments, even whole passages, had deftly and quite justly to be excised; less than a hundred of his thousand pages were devoted to letters James write before he was forty and less than 200 to those he wrote before he was forty and less than 200 to those he wrote before he was fifty. This tact, combined with this disproportion, has had its consequences. The Lubbock letters showed James mainly in middle and old age. His youth, family relations, early hopes and plans, early feeling about America and responses to Europe, were slighted. The figure they established in public and critical attention was the James of the later legend: the lion of social and literary London, the sage of Lamb House, the portentous mandarin and stylist of the later decades, the honored but unread "Master" of the final apotheosis.

Mr. Edel, employing his exhaustive study of the whole surviving correspondence—of which we must hope he will some day produce a complete edition—has aimed to provide "a kind of guide to the different types of James letters—and some suggestions as to how they should be read." If this sounds forbiddingly didactic, it will not seem so once one discovers the use to which he has put his 228 pages. He shows James in six major aspects of his life: in his relations with his family and early friends; in his all-absorbing concern for the art and practice of fiction; in his study of the theatre and attempts to become a dramatist; in his office of literary *confrère* and man of business; in his role, often deceptively benevolent, of patron and counsellor of talent; and lastly under the impact of the World War ("Over the Abyss") that distressed and darkened the final months of his life.

The result is a drawing into focus of the whole import, direction, and intent of James' personality and genius. The eager, ambitious youth grows visibly into the dedicated author. The ardent friend joins with the "incurable critic." The man of style merges with the compassionate confidant. The lifelong inquisitor of America's and Europe's moral destiny becomes the shocked witness of international conflict that suddenly plunges headlong into world crisis. And the styles in which these varying roles are communicated, shifting from the intimate to the grave, the severe to the bantering, the comedic to the passionate, are seen to merge in the essential complexity and unity that are as necessary to understand in James' personality as in the art he produced and the intelligence that informs it. Mr. Edel has put all the necessary clues into our hands. He has produced a book that immediately becomes a necessary equipment for anyone who cares to know, examine, and master the mind and art of their author.

ARE they "great" letters? It would be a perverse judgment that refuses them a place among the richest written in English, or denies them a rank with those of Walpole, Byron, Keats, Dickens, Fitzgerald, Hopkins, and Lawrence. Yet the charge of "superficiality" persists; it has been elicited anew in some quarters by this collection. It was a charge that H. G. Wells, in his attack in *Boon* in 1915, fixed in the prejudice of an entire generation. When James answered Wells by saying that it is art and only art "that *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance," and that he knew "of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process," he only certified the charge for many of his later readers. A large quantity of his letters may certify it further. Once the early exuberance and spontaneity wane, they may seem, except in moments of intimacy or anguish, to be too often an "act" of making, of arbitrary zest and affirmation, of conscious volition in friendship and of excessive insistence in style, of responses and a sincerity too willful to be felt as genuine or real. Then James sounds like the self-absorbed solitary he was, the author who had inscribed "Loneliness" on his banner, and whose one real grasp of experience came in the form of imagination and of words.

But it must be remembered that these are not the letters of a man who never grew old, like Byron, Keats, Lawrence, or Hopkins; or of a man confirmed in emotion and intellect at an early age, like Walpole, Fitzgerald, Proust, or Conrad; or of a writer committed to a single intensity of purpose and experience, like Dickens, Herzen, or Lawrence. They are the documents of a mind and a personality in continuous process of realization; of an artist less obstinate in finality than in curiosity and moral research; of a sensibility as "inexhaustible" in enthusiasm and response as it was in the creative energy that kept it active until it ceased in its seventies.

In this James' letters are probably rivalled only by Yeats'—so radically different in style and substance—among the English letters of the past century. For those who want to know the full complexity and character of the art their author produced, there is certainly "no substitute for the force and beauty" of their "process" short of the art itself. This process Mr. Edel knows as well as any living student of James, and his book enables every reader of James to share and understand it.

Next Week

D. H. Lawrence, Novelist

F. R. Leavis' new book

reviewed by Harry T. Moore

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GRAHAM GREENE's

The Quiet American

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The Quiet Englishman

by Francis Hackett

A POLEMIC book is a missile. The art of it is to direct the missile, or "guide" it as they say so politely, an exact spot. And the mechanism to ıploy, as Bernard Shaw so often illus- ıted, must be firm and not too subtle. *John Bull's Other Island*, for ex- ıple, he put in a most high-minded,

he Quiet American, by Graham Greene (Viking; $3.50).

ıworldly priest to make it perfectly ar he was not gunning for the Church. aw was an Annie Oakley in this re- ect, and his precision cost him the vor of poets. They take endless pains capture the elusive, but often neglect be understood.

Graham Greene's new novel is pole- c, as well as symbolic. *The Quiet nerican* is a missile, a pointed one. ıt at what is it directed, to whom is it ided? Ever since I read in these pages ıt it was "anti-American," I have been ring to myself, "anti-Administration, ;. But this quiet American, and this ll quieter Englishman, they no more ver the great affair of Anglo-American uble-harness than any group photo- ıph in which one of the principals has ly in his eye."

The novel can be taken as a straight ry, or as a polemic, or as a symbolic tament. The jaded Englishman, so ıg in the ring that he is punch-drunk, a Fleet Street veteran, world-weary, a igned exile, asking only to file dry, ınimated despatches and find comfort h his "girl." The intrusion on him of e, a young Innocent Abroad, is per- ɔs the highest point in Graham eene's study of characters at cross- ɔposes. He really knows Fowler, and have him attacked at his weakest nt by a sappy, priggish boy who is ɔckful of received opinions must in- ıe the reader's sympathies toward wler. The symbol of Indo-China, the e point of contact, is the dainty Phu- g, and in between them is France with Catholic conscience, symbolized by fine-grained police official who reads cal. The quiet Englishman knows t Phuong's sister, wooed by money, gone over to the Americans and when he sees her helping Pyle to take his girl from him, offering her Western life, Western manners, Western marriage, and indeed a fate worse than death, a home in Massachusetts, he must rub out this too innocent newcomer to the Asian dilemma.

But to rub him out because he is so innocent would be sheer animosity. Pyle must also be culpable in some horrible way, must have blood on his hands or on his shoes. In Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, the ugly atrocity contrived by the Tsarist Embassy to discredit the local Communists involved the death of a poor moron, the agent's brother-in-law. Pyle's atrocity, also to discredit the local Communists, kills innocent natives in a market place. With this stick Graham Greene beats the quiet American. It happens to be a stick that the French, the Italians, the Russians, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the English themselves have used in Africa and Asia. Arab villages have been bombed. Mau Mau have been bombed. Innocent natives have been bombed by all natives with bombers. It is a commonplace of balance-of-power politics. Pyle's complicity is ugly, but Fowler's moral indignation is hollow. He is not indignant. He is sore. This terrible prig wants to marry, actually marry, his "girl."

The polemic would have been much stronger if Phuong were not a figurine. Phuong is a blossom in this book, and Fowler will not break it, but she is not palpitant. And when Asians and Africans have come out of the kitchen, just like women, in the past half century, (writers like Lafcadio Hearn, Fielding Hall, Marco Pallis, E. M. Forster, H. W. Nevinson, to mention a few casually, having given them a habitation in our sympathy), we cannot take Fowler's remoteness from civilized thought as much more than the higher peevishness, the tired white man's refrain, the burden of his imperial song.

He is a real quiet Englishman, Mr. Fowler in *The Quiet American*, and I wonder that more loving attention has not been devoted to him. Amid high explosives, noisy bounders of Americans, girls for hire, a river choked with corpses and narrow squeaks in the war zone, Mr. Fowler is a sound fellow, an old hand well able to fight his corner, and accepting the God of things as they are. To such Englishmen, most of whom have been on the grill since 1939, the infantility of an affluent America is painful, and when an Englishman is pained, he often inflicts pain. He once hated the Spaniards, later he hated the French, he has hated the Germans and the Russians, and he can hate Americans.

I ONCE met Fowler on a train to Marseilles. We had allowed time, but not enough, for registering the baggage, and at the last moment were crammed into a crowded coupé where the racks were already stuffed and all but two seats taken. All the French who had spread out had to contract. We were flustered, they resented us, but soon came to pity us and make room. Not so Fowler and his wife, who were on their way East. They endured us but did not give an inch. I tried to shrink, planking my feet on the grill that had very hot water-pipes under it, running lengthwise, and being quiet so quiet. Soon I began to sweat with more than anxiety, but I stayed still. After half an hour or more the world-weary Englishman leaned over. "I think you'll find," he said, "that the soles of your shoes have had holes burned in them."

He could not have been more right. They were new, excellent, expensive English shoes and the holes in them were big as a silver dollar.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I burst out.

"I should have thought you'd notice it," said Fowler with a gentle smile. Did he suppose I was grilling my feet for fun? His quietness implied that. But no, he was letting me learn by experience. I had irritated him. I had arrived too late, with too much luggage, wearing cad's shoes, too innocent to tuck in my feet, too American. Well, a man has to pay for his mistakes. If ever that Englishman were in a hole, I'd help him out, provided it was not a very deep hole. Did Fowler thank Pyle for

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saving his life? He grudged his thanks. He had his own proud infantility.

Two infantilities do not tot up to one maturity. That is where the polemic lacks guidance. No counter-balancing American or Englishman redeems the acrimony.

And this acrimony gratifies people who are sore on America. The other evening I listened to a Dane broadcasting on *The Quiet American*. How he relished the book—the terse manner, the stinging war-pictures, the climax substantiated so insinuatingly. But the clue to the book, Pyle's quiet duplicity, gave this commentator his real stimulus. His voice almost trembled.

Now that Western differences with the Soviet are in a psychological phase, t Americans in office who have gone th strenuous way about handling the F East, and so incensed their English ass ciates, are a right target for polemic. a new Administration treats Asia flesh-and-blood democrats should tr it, it won't be as the synthetic Pyle di or the hatchet-man Fowler. But hostil to an American Administration is c thing, anti-Americanism is another. T many are afflicted with the latter, t deep in the grooves of prejudice, for polemic writer to perk them up. A among them are fanatic Communis Greene's target in *The Power and t Glory*, Fowler's ally in *The Quiet Am ican*. This is shallow.

A Plea for Balanced Judgment

by John P. Roche

At a time when the market is surfeited with articles and books on the loyalty program, there is a danger that Professor Shils' work will be by-passed as "just another loyalty study." In part this unfortunate probability is due to the misleading title, for

The Torment of Secrecy, by Edward A. Shils (Free Press; $4.50).

Shils has written a fine, sophisticated analysis of American social metabolism in which the problem of secrecy is only one, though admittedly an important, component.

Untormented by the obscurantist vocabulary that troubles so many sociological treatises, and also lacking the conspicuous convolutions of "Methodology," *The Torment of Secrecy* gave this reader, at least, a broader and deeper perspective on the paradoxical pluralism that sustains our society. (Incidentally, I might point out, to forestall charges of anti-intellectualism, that a methodology is vital to an analysis; what appeals to me about Shils' work is that the methodology does not leap out of the book and overpower the reader.

Shils' basic thesis is that the American people, faced with an unparalleled threat to their security in the mysterious and ominous workings of atomic energy, the Soviet Union, and interr tional Communism, and unsure of t ability of their traditional pluralistic i stitutions to meet the danger, have e gaged in an orgy of insecurity, a haunt quest for monism. Lacking internal s curity, which is usually a coefficient that homogeneity which the Unit States has notably lacked, the Americ people have substituted for mutual tru Internal Security laws. Shils' examir tion of the resurgence of the alienat Right is particularly stimulating, a puts McCarthyism into a Socio-historic context that has been absent from m previous analyses.

While Shils views with alarm ma of these extremist manifestations, he no oracle of doom; though clearly a vigorously opposing the excesses of o policy—founded on what Lubell h called the "politics of revenge"—he y sees signs of increasing maturity a sober realism in the political élite, or, I prefer to call it, the political class.

Above and beyond the cogency of h diagnosis, Shils' book is a plea for d cency and balanced judgment. A co vinced pluralist, he advances an u qualified and moving defense of t variety and autonomy that buttress t democratic superstructure. Some m consider him over-sanguine, but to m he has presented a compelling stateme of democratic *a priori's*.

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HEATRE

The Other Orson Welles

HE *King Lear* production of City Center could be said to have become *succès de scandale*, except that it wasn't lly a success of any kind. But Orson elles, its director and star, did make adlines by playing Lear in ancient cos- ne and a modern wheelchair. He hurt e ankle at rehearsals and the other on ening night, after which he missed a gle performance and played the rest them sitting down. That, as far as the blic record is concerned, was that. If now go behind that record, it is cause the important Welles is pre- ely the Welles that does not make the adlines.

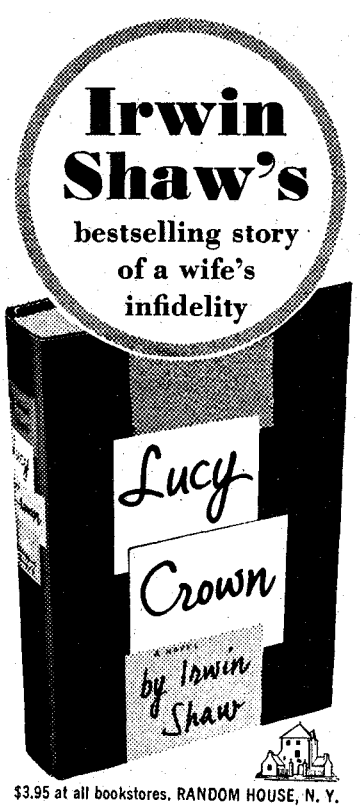
Not that Being a Headliner is not a in itself. On the contrary, it is a which has attracted Mr. Welles for quarter of a century now. As a boy, he ned at headlines out of juvenile high- rits and sheer ambition. And now t his spirits are not so high, and many his ambitions have been satisfied, he capable of aiming at headlines from er wilfulness or sheer habit. He is n capable of not consciously aiming headlines at all ("You know I can't nd publicity," I heard him shout to stage manager not very secretively) t just relying on his unconscious to ke sure that he gets them, even if the conscious has to resort to its own cial and vindictive methods, creating state of affairs in which Mr. Welles ll happen to fall (we say "*happen* to l") not once, but twice. If Mr. elles had had three legs, he would ve tripped three times.

All the world has reached the opinion t Mr. Welles is self-destructive in grand manner of the Jazz Age, and is hard not to agree with all the rld. I publicly did agree with it in last comments on the subject in *NR*. t I realize now that part of my mo- e for writing as I did was to provoke . Welles into proving me wrong, as man shouts: "You're unfaithful" at wife, just to make her provide him h a water-tight alibi. And, though public story of this *Lear* production uld tend, rather, to prove me right, re was a private story which renewed me the hopes which Mr. Welles al- ways used to arouse in all who know theatre from the back of a bus.

Having been permitted to sit in at some of Mr. Welles' rehearsals, I saw at work the theatrical imagination whose fruits had been shown to the world in the modern-dress *Caesar*, the Negro *Macbeth*, and the film *Citizen Kane*. When I saw the map that Mr. Welles had procured for the first scene—six feet by fifteen it must have been, unrolling from two poles—I recognized the famous and magnificent Wellesian audacity. And it was audaciously used too. At one point it was stretched out on the floor, and Lear marched up and down on it. At another, when it was being held upright, Lear strode clear through it, tearing it right across. This was a Lear who, when he knocked his throne over (and inevitably this Lear would knock his throne over) would seem to be hurling it into an abyss. This was a Lear (to mention what some nitwit critic might call a "mere" detail) who carried no ordinary sword, nor even just a superior one, but a weapon of double the usual size, a giant crucifix of a sword, majestic and awe-inspiring.

While the audacity came to me with the shock of recognition, I had a shock of real surprise at the discovery that Mr. Welles also has the gift of control. In these rehearsals, I saw nothing of the Welles of popular mythology, undisciplined, perverse, or just plain drunken. He was punctual, and he was punctilious. In fact, when he is seriously at work directing, he stands at the other extreme from either the old-fashioned, romantically "inspired" director with his head in clouds of rhetoric or the new-fashioned, "dynamic" director with his head, so to speak, in his viscera. Neither grandiose nor feverish, he spoke the language of commonsense, and gave the actors tips based on a veteran's know-how and a theatre-poet's intuition. He had done his homework, and came to rehearsal with a clear outline. At the same time, he had not made the mistake of filling in the outline with a content imagined at home in isolation both from the particular actors concerned and from the creative state established in rehearsals whenever the morale is good. The director who does his work at home is a sculptor modelling with hard clay. It takes rehearsal—and rehearsal with the proper psychological adjustment—to soften the clay and present him with a really malleable medium. And the creativity of rehearsals consists in the fact that one thing leads to another. The director receives his "inspirations" out of the things that happen there. A fine production comes about as a chain reaction starting with the first rehearsal. Now I doubt if anyone understands all this better than Orson Welles, or can act more skilfully upon this understanding. The results are remarkable.

BUT why aren't the results more remarkable yet? Not wishing to return to the theme of Mr. Welles' personal problems, I shall suggest two reasons of a technical and artistic nature. (Or rather I shall stress the technical and artistic side of what may be purely a personal problem.) In the first place, Mr. Welles should not both act and direct. True, Garrick did it; most of the old heroic actors did it; yet this is not to say that Mr. Welles should do it. For one thing, he is not a heroic actor. In leading parts, he is not even, I believe, a wholly satis-



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factory actor. And, of course, he does not give the best performance he is capable of because he is so busy directing the other actors. Not that the other actors could feel this: they will inevitably feel that, because he is playing the lead himself, he is grossly neglecting them. It's the two sides of the same coin: the leading actor can't work enough with the others, and the others can't work enough with him. Through nearly all the rehearsal time, another actor replaced Mr. Welles on stage, while Mr. Welles sat out front at the director's table. The stand-in read the lines, if at all, without characterization, "walked through" the moves perfunctorily, without gestures, without looking at anyone. The first previews were upon us before Mr. Welles had gone on stage with his colleagues. Necessarily, then, the scenes Lear appears in got reduced to two things: recitation of speeches as learnt at home (not as growing from the relation between Lear and the actor addressing him or being addressed by him) and production ideas, also planned at home, and now simply imposed on the actors like someone else's clothes.

Mention of production ideas brings me to the second criticism of Mr. Welles. Just because he works so well on the spur of the moment—which in the theatre can be a splendid way to work despite the slighting connotations of the phrase—he should be warned off big "production ideas." Theatre people should not have "ideas" at all unless they are prepared to take the full responsibility, as Granville-Barker did, and become masters of ideas, masters of their field in the fullest theoretical way, real scholars of the subject. Otherwise, they simply thrust on Shakespeare silly notions that will stand up neither under critical cross-questioning nor scholarly investigation. Mr. Welles has always been tempted to turn the theatre into a mere Notion and Novelty Store. But this is the cheap and childish side of Mr. Welles. His real talent is not even in that direction, but, as I have hinted, starting from sober and sound craftsmanship, culminates in effects which, while they are audacious, can also be dignified and grand. There was a grandeur in the best moments of his *Lear* far surpassing anything in Guthrie's *Tamburlaine*.

I do not insist that Mr. Welles become a Granville-Barker. Shakespeare has been greatly performed by actors who had no intellectual grasp of him at all. There may be a moral for Mr. Welles in this story from Maurice Baring's *Sarah Bernhardt:*

> A friend of mine . . . was present at some of the rehearsals of *Hamlet* and told me that once or twice Sarah Bernhardt consulted him as to the meaning of a passage. He said what he thought, and she answered in a way which showed she had completely misunderstood him and had perhaps not even listened. The process was repeated two or three times running, the misunderstanding growing deeper and wider. Then, he said, she went on to the stage and played the passage in question not only as if she had understood the words he had explained, but as if she had had access to the inner secrets of the poet's mind.

ERIC BENTLEY

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

efugees from Franco and Hitler in or-er to give a more European base to the ixed Caribbean population.

Jesus de Galindez, a graduate in law f the University of Madrid, pursued his beral ideas within the limits allowed, nd after a succession of different posi-ons was appointed Secretary of the linimum Wage Commission and legal dvisor in the Dominican Republic's la-or department. In 1946, he helped ttle a strike in the sugar industry by knowledging the right of labor to tter working conditions. That finished im with the Trujillo regime; he was smissed and came to the United States. t Columbia, as an instructor of Span-h-American History, he also prepared r his doctorate in International Law gathering material for a dissertation the Dominican Republic under the rujillo regime.

He knew that the newspapers in udad Trujillo, the capital city of the ominican Republic, were carrying out campaign against him. Each new exile om Trujillo's dictatorship who came to ew York brought new information for sus de Galindez's dissertation. Soon he gan to be threatened by anonymous lls and letters. In the last three months ese threats became more vicious and was greatly concerned. I remember eling somewhat annoyed when he told e of his fears in our talks after class; even thought he was dramatizing inci-nts in order to create a halo of hero-n around himself.

The realization of my error came the y we read in the newspapers of Jesus Galindez's disappearance; it was then o late.

Professor Galindez has been the third tim of Dominican despotism in the ew York City area. The long arm of ujillo's secret police found its first vic-n in 1935. In 1952, Andres Requena, noted Dominican exile, was shot down the streets of New York. When this curred, Jesus de Galindez wrote a ter to the police, which he kept in his sk, explaining that in case of his dis-appearance or death by violence, the hired assassins of Trujillo would be responsible. Other than this, he did not change his mode of life. He took no special precautions, requested no bodyguard. After his classes on Monday nights, he used to take the subway and get off at 12th Street, walk to Fifth Avenue and then turn south to his apartment. On the night of March 12th he followed the same pattern, but this time he did not arrive home. Two Dominican ships were docked in the New York area, but the police could not check them because one sailed before the report of his disappearance, and the other had anchored outside the boundaries of American waters.

One month has gone by. The FBI has not disclosed whether it is investigating the case. The police seem to be dragging their feet. Behind the hesitation is Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, the "Father of His Country" as he likes to be called, who has many good friends in the US, who votes with Americans in the United Nations, and who is an arch-enemy of Communism and a great verbal defender of Democracy.

MARIA DEL CARMEN JOY

New York City

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *Showmanship vs. Statesmanship*

SIRS:

In your April 16th issue, some Kefauver partisans expressed resentment that *The New Republic* continues to favor Adlai Stevenson for President and has not jumped headlong onto the bandwagon of their hero.

There are countless numbers of people who have not—and will not—switch to Senator Kefauver, and I would like to enlighten his followers as to the reasons. In the 1952 campaign, the huckster techniques employed by the GOP as exemplified by the folksy approach and irresponsible promises of Mr. Eisenhower were repugnant to many voters.

Now in 1956 along comes a Democratic candidate who has demonstrated clever showmanship by his homespun folksiness, fabulous promises, playing of the "underdog" role (a part he persists in retaining even after primary victories), charges of "bossism," and cry-baby complaints of unfairness. This type of campaigning will not win the admiration and approval of us Democrats whose allegiance Adlai Stevenson has won by his sincerity, honesty, dignity, fair play, and his appeal to reason and intelligence. We do not believe that showmanship is a satisfactory substitute for statesmanship.

MARIAN BARNHOLTZ

University City, Mo.

► *The Acceptance World*

SIRS:

Anthony Arau's review of Anthony Powell's novel *The Acceptance World* (*NR*, April 2) is completely misleading as criticism, and may deter many American readers from acquainting themselves with Powell's work. This would be a very great pity, for he is far and away the finest comic novelist now writing in English. When Mr. Arau writes, "Anthony Powell's novels taken together . . .", which of Powell's novels does he mean? There are eight to date, and three of them—*A Question of Upbringing, A Buyer's Market* and *The Acceptance World*—belong to a sequence, not yet completed, whose collective title is *The Music of Time*. It was Mr. Arau's duty to point this out, and to relate *The Acceptance World* to its predecessors, of which, in plot and development of character, it is merely a continuation. Had he done so, he might have seen that it is not quite up to the earlier standard. Which would have been a pertinent criticism. What he has written is not.

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